THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

JUNE 25, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine Founded 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

The DRYAD'S HUNTING

By

Robert W. Chambers

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

OLDSMOBILE

The Directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to typify at the greatest of World's Fairs at St. Louis, the wonderful progress accomplished in Modern Transportation, selected the OLDSMOBILE as embodying the highest achievement in mechanical genius and skill, *the best thing on wheels.*

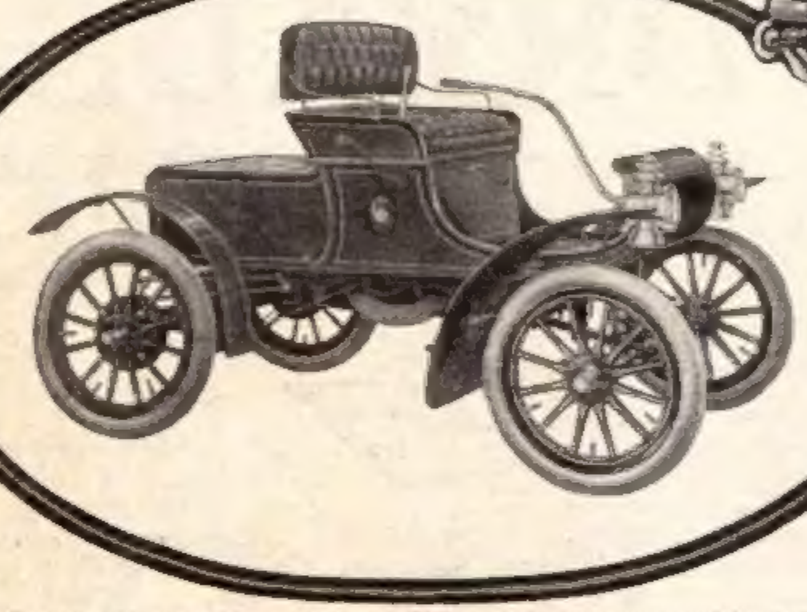
The whole civilized world enthusiastically endorses the selection.

At intervals along the outer walls of the vast Transportation Building are heroic sized statues representing Ancient, Modern, Railroad and Water Transportation. Modern Transportation is represented by a female figure holding aloft an Oldsmobile Standard Runabout. Our exhibit is situated just to the right of the main entrance of this building.

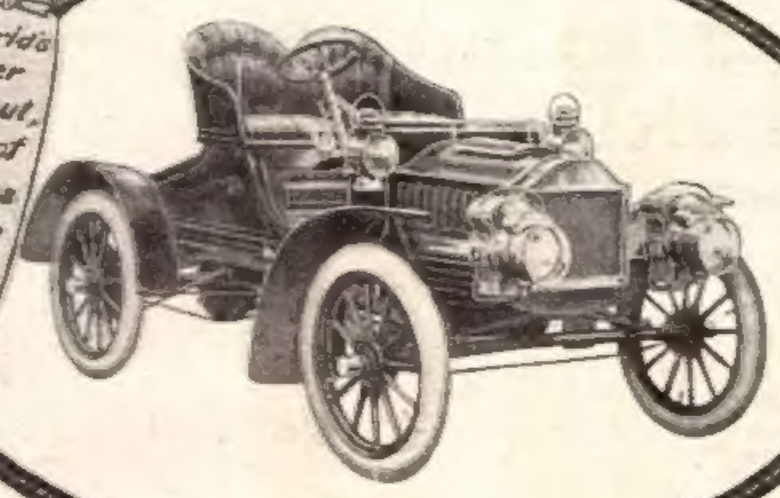
Olds Motor Works

Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Mfrs.



The World's pioneer Runabout, winner of strenuous endurance contests. Acknowledged by all the World — the best thing on wheels.



KARPEN Genuine Leather Furniture

Send for our free 64-page catalogue "X." It shows over 400 designs of leather furniture, ranging in price from $7.00 to $200.00.

It is the most complete book ever printed on the art of making leather furniture and is universally recognized by manufacturers and dealers as a standard publication.

It exposes the shams, imitations and deceits almost universally practiced in this branch of manufacture, and enables the buyer to make intelligent and suitable selections for every possible use.

A guarantee of satisfaction or your money back goes with every purchase of a piece of Karpen furniture.

Sold only through leading dealers everywhere.

Our Catalogue "X" is free and should be consulted before a purchase of leather furniture is made. The United States Government specifies the same spring supports used in Karpen furniture. These two Trade Marks appear on every piece that is genuine.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture CHICAGO

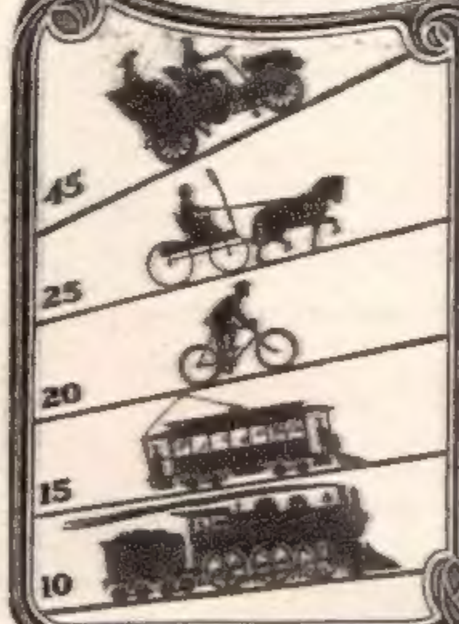
Karpen Leather Furniture

S. KARPEN & BROS.

Established 1880.

50 Karpen Bldg. Chicago — 300 St. James Bldg. New York

Largest makers of fine Upholstered Furniture in the World.



The Car of Highest Grade

Among all means of travel—and among all automobiles—the Cadillac stands pre-eminent as a hill-climber. A locomotive can go up a 10% grade; a trolley car 15%; a bicyclist, if his wheel be not geared too high, 20%; a horse with a light carriage 25%; A

CADILLAC 45%

Hill-climbing ability is attainable thro low gearing—*speed* with hill-climbing ability only thro a plenitude of power. 30 miles an hour with four passengers is easy for the Cadillac—and easy on the passengers. Smooth riding, powerful, absolutely dependable, the Cadillac is a car surprising alike in performance and in cost.

Prices range from $750 for Model A Runabout to $900 for Model B Touring Car or Surrey. If you'll ask us we will be glad to send Booklet G—a complete exposition of Cadillac excellence. We'll also tell you of a nearby agency where demonstrations are given—for most Cadillacs are sold by being seen and tried.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

More than 15,000 appointments made last year. Chances better than ever. Thousands we prepared have been appointed. Established 1893. Originators of preparation for these examinations by mail. Full particulars *free* concerning positions, salaries, examinations (held in every State), sample questions used.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE (Inc.)
19-42 Second National Bank Building
Washington, D. C.

LEARN SHORTHAND

By Correspondence from Court Reporters.

We do the largest court reporting business in the world and teach the same standard system we use. We make no fake claims; we teach no fake shorthand. Write for "Success Shorthand" and copy of guaranty, sent free. **WALTON, JAMES & FORD,**
Suite 30, 77-79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Your dentist, you will remember, recommended me.

Sold Only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—**cleans between the teeth.** Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. *Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths."*

The Prophylactic

Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'. **FLORENCE MFG. CO., 53 Pine St., Florence, Mass.**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1904, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 25, 1904 Number 52

Uncle Sam's Diplomacy

Effective Without Fuss and Feathers, and Costs Little

By Frederic Courtland Penfield

ALTHOUGH deprived of much of the ceremonious character of the diplomacy of monarchical countries, the diplomatic branch of Uncle Sam's foreign service is efficient enough to make itself universally respected. It is effective—and that is the desideratum of any administrative department.

The keynote of American diplomacy has long been its rugged directness: it is always direct, and means, besides, to be based upon national equities, and to respect all rights of mankind not conflicting with progress. More, it is intensely characteristic diplomacy, characteristic of a practical and creative people bound by few inherited conventionalities.

It was in the palmy days of the "old diplomacy" that foreign representatives were personages of glittering importance. Popular education, broadening of public opinion and the development of the telegraph have deprived the profession of most of its effulgent glory. Telegraph lines and cables have contracted the scope of a diplomatist's office until there is small chance for initiative on his part. Now that Envoys can get an answer from their governments in an hour they have practically no personal responsibility beyond obeying instructions, and those in charge of foreign relations of governments readily direct by the wires the details of their negotiations throughout the world.

This approximates what might be called "a business proposition," and demands for its conduct men of education and good manners, prudent and tactful—men who have made a success of life and are familiar with standard forms of intercourse. The man who is a failure at home is pretty sure to be a failure at a foreign post. This country has thousands upon thousands of men who, with a few months' special study, might succeed in American diplomacy—the lawyer, the literary worker, the educator, merchant and manufacturer. The United States has never been at a loss for a man to meet any diplomatic situation, and the history of American diplomacy is a record of continuous successes.

We were pioneers in the "new diplomacy," bringing it into successful competition with the ancient system of intercourse, traditionally ambiguous of utterance, with magnificent personages surrounded with mediæval splendor, and whose important ally was always the expert in gastronomy.

Diplomacy having become a vocation based upon rationality—a business to be conducted in a straightforward manner—the school of "old diplomacy" is obsolescent, is being relegated to the archives of the memory with other time-honored institutions dethroned by human progress.

To be an Ambassador is one of the loftiest ambitions that mortal fancy can aspire to. In choosing a vocation, why does not the American youth decide upon diplomacy, training his mind with reference to becoming in time an Ambassador? Does the fact that we have no national training-school of diplomacy direct his thoughts into other channels, perhaps to become a saver of souls, or the commander of a warship or of a regiment?

Not at all. The real reason is this—if he is quick at figures—that he easily learns that Uncle Sam can give employment to but seven Ambassadors at a time; meaning that only one citizen out of several millions can occupy a seat of the mighty at the foreign capitals. No young American capable of analyzing is going to take a "long shot" at these odds.

When the ill-fated Prince Alexander went to ask Bismarck whether he should accept or not the offered throne of Bulgaria, Bismarck said, "Well, to have been a ruler of Bulgaria would always be an interesting souvenir."

Bismarck's words require but slight adaptation to make them apply to Uncle Sam's ever-changing diplomatic establishment.

Though our service has preponderating recommendations, it possesses enough drawbacks to prevent it from being a perfect institution, but they in no degree lessen its effectiveness. The cardinal shortcoming is the extreme inadequacy of compensation, especially to representatives at European capitals, where demands of court and society are inexorable. The pay of representatives to South and Central American republics enables them to serve their Government without recourse to private means; but to represent Uncle Sam as a chief of mission in Europe makes a mighty inroad upon one's exchequer. Coaches and horses, a good house and servants and a show of entertaining are there imperative. None of these items can be omitted without impairing the standing of the Ambassador or Minister, and vicariously the Republic itself. At more than one capital the salary of the Ambassador is exhausted in a single expenditure—house-rent.

The Diplomatic Monopoly

WHY not increase the salary schedule? Because the temper of Congress would be distinctly opposed to it. Indeed, there are Congressmen who profess to believe the diplomatic corps unnecessary; that its chief prerogative is for its fortunate members to loiter sycophantly about thrones and dictate who among unpatriotic Americans shall be presented at court. "Call the diplomatists home," say these objectors, "and enlarge the powers of certain Consuls-General, that essential international intercourse may be carried on by them."

The genuine objection to an inadequately paid service is this: Employment in it is limited to those able to spend money over the office; hence it is un-American, for it monopolizes a branch of the national administration to a favored class. The American whose recommendation for diplomatic work is exclusively his intellectual fitness cannot prudently accept an appointment, save to some obscure post.

The cost annually of our service is extremely modest, only about $900,000. The current appropriation provides $415,500 specifically for Ambassadors' and Ministers' salaries, and $88,125 for salaries of Secretaries. For office rent, stationery, furniture, clerk and messenger hire, kavasses and guards in

Mohammedan countries, cablegrams and other usual expenses, $190,000 is appropriated. Famous as Uncle Sam is as a shipbuilder, he pays each year $1800 for the hire of a launch for the Constantinople Legation instead of owning a craft that would be the exponent on the Bosphorus of American prowess in boatbuilding. A novel provision of every diplomatic appropriation bill assigns $325 for the Cape Spartel light on the coast of the Mediterranean. This is Uncle Sam's share of the cost of maintaining it. Years ago the Sultan of Morocco ceded the site for this important lighthouse, but insisted that as he had no maritime commerce the nations interested must meet the expense of the light. Ours is one of ten or twelve governments contributing under international treaty to maintain it.

All things considered, the expenditure of $900,000 over the diplomatic service cannot be considered by anybody as ruinous—it averages less than two cents per capita of our population. France pays for her diplomacy twice what the United States does, and Great Britain even more.

The tendency has been since Mr. Cleveland's last administration to advance the designations of our foreign servants, but without materially increasing the pay or other emoluments. Perhaps this has been done for the reason that if an American was willing to contribute a few years' time to a calling producing generally a deficit in his bank account he was entitled to the largest modicum of glory to be had therefrom. Notably, seven Envoyships have been elevated to Ambassadorships by a simple substitution of words—there is no enlargement of prerogative, and the pay is identical. A favorite designation for our representatives until late years has been Minister Resident and Consul-General, the effect being that Uncle Sam's hybrid agents graded below those of most South American states in precedence at many courts; consequently the grade has been raised to that of full Envoy. The State Department roster shows now but two Ministers Resident—to weak negro republics. The senseless title of Chargé d'Affaires, except as a designation when a Secretary temporarily serves as Ambassador or Minister, this year disappears from our service.

It is not wholly in the interests of economy that some of our diplomats "double" in their fields of representation, but chiefly so. The Minister to Greece is likewise accredited to Roumania and Servia as such, and to Bulgaria as Diplomatic Agent. Paraguay and Uruguay are allotted to one Minister, as are Guatemala and Honduras. Three Central American states—Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Salvador—are embraced under one Ministership; and to flatter the susceptibilities of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg the Minister to Holland is perfunctorily certificated to it as Envoy Extraordinary.

Three holders of Uncle Sam's diplomatic warrants are colored men—the Envoy to Haiti, who has much to do, and the Minister Resident to Liberia, whose office is a sinecure; and the third, the Secretary of Legation to Liberia. The reason for maintaining representation at the petty government on the west coast of Africa is wholly sentimental. In 1822 negroes from this country founded the republic, modeled on our own, which endures to-day.

Greece, Roumania, Servia, Paraguay, Honduras, Luxemburg and Liberia have no accredited representation at Washington. Any diplomatic service on their behalf is usually discharged through the kindly offices of the representative of a friendly government.

Some Americans who have traveled extensively think it sinful that the United States does not house its Embassies and Legations in Government-owned buildings, as do Great Britain, France and Germany. It will come, and before long, for the Government is perceiving the benefits of owning office and residential premises. When Uncle Sam becomes his own landlord in London and the continental capitals he will pay no more than he now does in rentals, and his Ambassadors and Ministers will thereby be given greater dignity.

Only the visitor to the Orient seems to know that there are little patches of earth in the capitals of Japan, China, Siam and Korea over which the American Government is as much master as over the White House, barring one or two interpolations in the deeds thereof, made necessary to protect friendly Powers from being charged with the unconstitutional act of alienation of property. Twenty years ago the Siamese Government presented Uncle Sam with grounds and Legation buildings on the Menan River front in Bangkok. A nominal ground-rent of forty-two dollars per annum is paid Siam in adjustment of a technicality, however. In 1887 the American Government, through Minister Lucius H. Foote, purchased a Legation building standing in a small "compound," for the modest sum of $5000, in the Korean capital, and therein dwell the American Minister and his staff. The Envoy has recently complained to the State Department that [illegible] is inadequate in size and comforts for the requirements of his position, and the claim that he cannot enter the Legation's doorway wearing his official high hat will go far toward prevailing upon the next Congress to make appropriation for a better structure, provided there be no substitute bill recommending a modification of official headgear at Seoul.

Our Government in 1896 appropriated $16,000 for the purchase from Japan of a lease in perpetuity, subject to a yearly ground-rent of $200, of a plot of land and buildings in Tokyo, for Legation purposes. Americans desirous of knowing the extent of their country's real estate in the capital city of Japan may learn that it is "3806 tsubo, 8 go, 8 seki and three-fourths of a sai;" and that its location is "No. 1 B Yenokisamachi, Abasaku Ku." The Japanese Government exempts the property from taxation. When the Plenipotentiaries of the Powers made their terms with the Chinese Government, after the Boxer troubles, a portion of Peking was specially reserved for the use of the foreign Legations, and placed under their exclusive control. Uncle Sam's share of this was 56,870 square yards, and to equip this with Legation buildings and their dependencies Congress has appropriated $150,000, and construction is going forward under direction of an expert from the supervising architect's office of the Treasury Department. A year hence the United States Minister in China and his numerous suite and guards will be quartered in premises equal to any in the capital of the Flowery Kingdom.

Foreigners regard the transient character of our service from a viewpoint radically opposite to our own; for this lack of continuity—so deplored by a majority of Americans—finds the keenest approval in high circles in other countries. Some Americans pretend to think it an abuse of privilege to take a man fresh from private life and send him to a foreign court; but the government to which this official is accredited may feel that a special honor is shown it by having a gentleman selected by the President from America's enormous population to be the Minister. "He is chosen for his qualifications, or for possessing accomplishments peculiarly appealing to us," reason more than one ruler and his Minister of Foreign Affairs, who detect the routine character of other Powers in sending to them the representatives whose turn it is to be assigned to their courts. Advocates of a permanent service presumably never think of the matter in this light.

Here are reasons better approximating the practical why the United States should continue the diplomatic branch of its foreign service on the basis of each administration assigning to it its own selections: A permanent service could not well help being monopolized by partisans of the political division in power at Washington when the movement was consummated, and would, consequently, be unfair to the party out of power; and further, our country, fortunately, having none of the rewards of other lands for political services—no knighthoods and no decorations—it is held by many Americans, intelligent enough to approve of permanency of tenure in the consular service, that the administration is fairly entitled to keep the diplomatic body open to the principle of patronage. If reasonable care be shown in choosing its personnel the United States cannot be poorly represented abroad. A President possessing backbone and a tactful Secretary of State can always keep the State Department from being turned into a clearing-house for the adjustment of political obligations. Mr. Olney's diplomatic body demanded few apologies, and Mr. Hay's more nearly approaches perfection than any that the United States has had. An acquiescent and irresolute head of the department can in a few months reduce our diplomatic service to a condition meriting the sneers of the nations.

A defect of our service, according to its critics, is the omission of a designating dress. For half a century the subject of uniforming America's diplomatists has been discussed, and it has been a living question with the State Department since the days of Webster. Not infrequently some potentate brings the subject up afresh by insisting that, though the United States Government enjoys the privilege of garbing its agents as it sees fit, he, the potentate, possesses the right of ordaining rules governing the dress of those who participate in the ceremonious functions of his own court. On the occasion of more than one coronation the monarchical point has been held to be well taken; but the substitution of knee-breeches, with side-sword added, has generally effected a satisfactory compromise. At three out of every four capitals representatives of Uncle Sam are compelled to attend important functions wearing the swallowtail and open waistcoat of evening dress—and this in broad daylight.

Except for the incongruity of being compelled at times to wear evening dress when it is not evening, I have never seen an American diplomat appear to disadvantage because of the simplicity of his dress. Indeed, he is usually a personage of distinction in the popular estimation from the fact that he is not garbed in a costume of mediæval design.

So regrettable is it that America has no appropriate dress for its officials at foreign posts that the omission cannot much longer go unremedied. The State Department has inaugurated greater reforms. No good American wants to see our representatives put into a dress that might be described as a "uniform," but all would accept as a boon some simple variation of costume differentiating a Minister from a lackey, which would comport with the national character and dignity. A slight alteration of the conventional frock-coat might accomplish the purpose. Gold lace and tinsel will never be acceptable to the sentiment of civilian republican institutions.

(*Concluded on Page 22*)

Where the Money is Going To

The Inevitable Sequel to Where the Money Came From

By Arthur E. McFarlane

IF WE picture the present course of wealth in America as a kind of huge river, the series of essays which have preceded this may be regarded as studies upon some of the great inflowing tributaries which have given the main current its present sweep and volume. And, from watching those tributaries mix themselves with the general flood, it has been inevitable that the writer should acquire a certain degree of knowledge as to the nature of that general flood itself, knowledge as to the kind of water which most largely composes it, the speed at which it is flowing, and the direction it appears to be taking at the present time. It will be information which will possibly set no one mightily a-gaping, yet, on the other hand, it may have its own surprises for the reader, even as it had for the investigator himself.

In the beginning, too, it should be said that, though it has been the writer's wish to do his work with that scientific coldness of blood which could alone make these articles of any value, he has certainly no desire to make himself offensive to the subjects of them. If as close a study as may be of millionairedom leaves one with very little awe of it, it also takes from one all desire to denounce or attack it. If, too, it has been impossible in certain instances to avoid indulging in something very like the "odious personality," let any offended young Crœsus remember that had he been moved to go down into Poverty Hollow, to gather material for a sociological monograph, it is indubitable that he would straightway have chosen some particular group of families to work from, and he would forthwith have jotted down the personal and the intimate, not with hesitation, but with most eager satisfaction. Yet it has often been declared of late that the poor, too, may have a certain embryonic sensitiveness. Nor would the studious young Crœsus regard them as protozoa or brachiopoda himself. It is simply that his "sociologizing" mind would feel that it had a right to use them for the establishment of its necessary data. These papers have been an attempt to establish some sociological data regarding the plutocracy.

One cold winter evening the writer was brought to a halt in front of a fashionable hotel by the sight of the leanest, raggedest and most battered of hoboes who was gazing in through the half-shaded windows of the great dining-room. He was not wholly steady on his legs, but in his eyes there was benign philosophy. "Well, now, after all," he murmured into the ear of the iron railings, "maybe they're *happy* in their own d——d putterin' way!" It was a reflection of a broadmindedness that one would be craven indeed not to take for an example. If happiness be the first test, it may frankly be said that the many-millioned do not appear to live altogether in a state of woe. If we may judge from the human documents of the plutocrat he palpably does not get so much pleasure from life as the average man "with a sense of humor and $2000 a year." But, on the other hand, fortune has been as good to the plutocrat as to the most of us. The troubles of the very wealthy, like their scandals, get a publicity in much larger type than is in any fairness called for. Again, and something that we should hardly expect to be the case, the "men-folk" in millionairedom seem to be considerably happier than the women of the tribe. All of which statements must be accepted or rejected as they stand. In their nature they admit neither of permissible proof nor demonstration.

The Second Generations of Two Continents

THE explanation of the last assertion, however, is probably to be found in the fact that the men have almost none of them lost the custom of labor. Indeed, there is a difference between America and Europe which is as radical as the differences in geographical contour of the two continents. In *La Dame aux Camélias* young Armand gives final voice to his infatuation by exclaiming that if need be he will go out and *work* to support his lady-love! It is a cry from an anguished heart, which, if left in the version played upon this side of the Atlantic, would fetch such a yell of joy from the "gods" as would stretch Melpomene swooning. For America has the distinction of a tradition of work that is universal. Conceive of a New York millionaire with no office to betake himself to—it is impossible! In the English directories you will find

"MAYBE THEY'RE HAPPY IN THEIR OWN PUTTERIN' WAY!"

a great many individuals entered as "gentlemen." It is a humbling confession, but in America there would appear to be almost no "gentlemen" at all. Henry James has two young British bluebloods land here in midsummer. They find, greatly to their bewilderment, that Newport is a city of women. In New York are the husbands and brothers, ensconced in their swivel chairs, each apparently in no way removed from his own head clerk! How hard do they work? It is true that many of them work only as hard as Fate compels them to, for which we must rightly scorn them; yet, again, the greater part of the evidence points in the other direction. Of individual cases investigated three multi-millionaires, at least, all but succeeded in working themselves to death, and that years after the acquisition of the major portion of their wealth. "If I had your twenty millions wouldn't I have the greatest time!" gushed a feather-headed young lady to a plutocratic old Bostonian. "My dear," quibbled the old fellow mournfully, "you would have a very *little* time."

From Shirt Sleeves to Shirt Sleeves

IT IS with the second and third generations that this study for the most part concerns itself, and, at the risk of being thought a general eulogist of the class, the writer must again set it down, and this time in the matter of morals, that the preponderance of the evidence goes to prove that, upon the whole, the young Crœsus is a very good sort. He would probably lose if compared with the youth possessing one-tenth of his income—although the recording angel may have his own point of view in these things. But when he is compared with the corresponding class abroad he comes out very favorably indeed. It is not uncommon to see in the Continental journals an advertisement signed by a "young man well known," who desires to borrow money upon his inheritance, and he gives the age of his father! It is a kind of advertisement as yet unfamiliar to our own want columns. Even in England, where far different traditions maintain, we find a viscount trundling about London a hurdy-gurdy bearing the pathetic notice that the possessor was thus compelled to gain his living owing to the fact that his father had refused to extend his rightful means of support to him. . . . The European press has every few months to record the putting under the hammer of some ancient house, with all its ancestral treasury of objects of art and family plate and time-hallowed furnishings, and that to pay the gambling debts of the present worthy young scion of the line. If any old and honorable families in America are at present coming to such shameful endings our yellow press preserves an unwonted silence thereupon. Taking the three families whose wealth has rendered them the most prominent, perhaps, in this Republic, and who among them now comprise nine generations, there has as yet been produced only one youth who could in any just sense of the word be called a scapegrace; and he lacked neither in brains nor energy. In fact, he was able to borrow money in large amounts from Horace Greeley.

"From shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves it is three generations in America," has been glibly written by some foreign maker of aphorisms. Like the majority of such smart utterances, it is, unhappily, not true. But had the aphorist written it that from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves it is frequently only three hours he would have been well within the truth. The second and third generations of millionairedom have almost to a man taken to good, mettle-trying, out-of-doors sport. They go from the shirt sleeves of the office to the shirt sleeves of the polo field. Nor was that tendency to sport any inevitable one. Even as late as the seventies there seemed only too great a likelihood that America would have its class of gilded *élégants*, who, following the Continental *haut ton*, would decide that the only amusements worthy of its rank and money were those of the "club" and the green-room, with an occasional languid turn with the foils in some fashionable *salle d'armes*. I don't know who did the most to avert that happy destiny in the great sister cities, but in New York it was the work of a very definite group of energetic, healthy-minded young plutocrats. The names of Gerry, Belmont, Goelet and Astor figure notably among them. Together they made popular the sport of the well-hewed, square-jawed man, not that of the flabby and chinless weakling. Whether it be willing to confess it or not, the rest of the country largely took its fashion from them, and altogether the race may be said to owe them a good long score of health and wholesomeness.

The Shortcomings of Young Crœsus

SO MUCH in their favor. But there is another matter on which they fall all too short. They have shown almost no inclination whatever to recognize a debt most certainly owed by them to a time and a country which have together afforded them every possible advantage in their development. Your self-made man is, after all, a tree which has to fight its way upward in a thicket, which has had to grow around a boulder, or has had to send its roots a terribly long way for water; and if that makes for hardihood it also makes for gnarls and bins and mental limb-twistedness. The son born of a family which for generations has possessed great wealth and commanding station comes up like a young maple sapling in a well-kept grove. He has clear growing space from the beginning. Though not yet out of his stripling years, his head in some way lifts itself to the level of those of the old giants of the tribe, and, supported by their shoulders in the atmosphere of their counsels, and shone upon by the fullness of the common sunshine, he completes his growth. Now, the young man who is heir to such circumstances may be ever so upright and wholesome of character, may be ever so watchful

FROM THE SHIRT SLEEVES OF THE OFFICE TO THE SHIRT SLEEVES OF THE POLO FIELD

over his own particular properties, but he still owes his debt—and it is a very large one—to the conditions which made his life a possibility. In England, if wealth has fathered a useless leisure class, it has also fathered a class which feels that in the very balance of things its services must go back to the general state. Gladstone was the son of a millionaire captain of industry. Who will say that that son would have been doing his real lifework had he gone into the father's counting-house and set the Titan within him to doubling the family fortune? Or who will say that by so doing he could have drawn from life any such reward of mere strong man's *pleasure* as his sixty years of combat in the world's arena gave him? The sons and grandsons of those commercial and industrial geniuses who have been at work in America are neither fools nor weaklings. Many of them have a mental equipment as well organized as their paternal railroads and telegraphs; and they have lived from childhood in that medium of great business enterprises which is worth no less to the man of public life. But at a time when the country has the largest need of them, when from every side the call is for the individual upon whom the almighty—and, in this regard, the all-cursed—dollar can bring neither pressure nor temptation, how many of them seem ever to have taken thought that such a need existed? Nor would it be for them the call of painful duty. It would be a gate swung wide to fresh fields and a broader life. And even in the matter of "new impressions and experiences," your good, husky, college-bred young millionaire will find a great many more awaiting him in one municipal campaign than in taking his automobile through the Rockies and back again.

Some may say in his excuse that the young Crœsus and his wife have, at any rate, always been generous with their money. But in this very matter of philanthropy some new surprises await us. In the first place, it may be a trifle humiliating to "the man with a sense of humor and the two thousand a year" to learn that even proportionately, income for income, the statistics of charity make him seem very stingy indeed beside his millionaire neighbor. Taking wills as test evidence, we find that only some one per cent. of those who leave less than $5000 leave anything whatever to charity, and only five per cent. of those who leave between $5000 and $50,000. The plutocrat, of whatever rank, makes a much better showing than this.

On the other hand, it is curiously significant that it is the *creators* of wealth who are the great givers of charity. Comparison has been made between the philanthropy of present-day America and that of the little republics of ancient Greece. During the golden age of Athens her ultra-rich men struggled among themselves for offices which made it incumbent upon the holder "to provide at his own expense for the production of public dramas, choruses, processions, games, embassies and feasts, and the equipment of ships in time of war." To build the temples and the various great works of public utility were other "privileges" not in their nature official, but none the less a matter of individual emulation. Whether or not those millionaire Athenians were of the first, second or third generation we do not know; but it is certain that the initial stages of such a tendency are, in America, almost wholly confined to the first. The sons and grandsons have been markedly philanthropic only in those instances where they, too, have been wealth-creators. The willingness to part with the millions is in *inverse* ratio to the ease with which they came.

If the trend of inherited wealth is not toward philanthropy, what, then, do appear to be its main tendencies? It must be said in preface that few of them seem to be such as give promise of any profit, either by direct effect or by example, to the Republic at large. We find the family-establishing instinct at work; and with it there is a dubious something which urges the inheritors to go apart and attempt in some way to draw a line about themselves and their respective progeny. We see this in the laying out of great estates in the country, probably in unconscious imitation of those of the English nobility; and these estates have not merely their foresters and gamekeepers, but, as in the case of Biltmore and others, have also an established tenantry living about their lodge gates—even as if North Carolina and the Adirondacks were Berks and Hampshire!

The Ascent of the Social Alps

AND when they do not go off singly they tend to form small colonies. We may see this at Lenox, Tuxedo Park and Newport. It is, perhaps, not in itself a matter worthy a pause for speculation; but it brings us to other phenomena very well worth contemplating indeed. These colonies are not large, but they consist of three fairly-marked divisions—the sought, the successful seekers, and those who, concealing their chagrin, *pretend* that they are successful seekers. And here we come to paradox. For the sought, the magnets which have formed these colonies, very frequently do not possess great wealth themselves. A keen observer has estimated that in the case of New York society the first two divisions consist, at the present time, of one hundred and fifty families at most; and of a third of them it could more accurately be said that they *have had* money than that they have it *now*. And many of them have never, in any real meaning of the expression, had it at all. That is particularly true of Chicago, where, of some forty families constituting the first two divisions, not one-half have ever been connected with the idea of wealth! The inner secret of the matter is that in all instances the sought have no little of the honey and wine of culture; and it is with that culture that the seekers—with a kind of

(Continued on Page 30)

"MY DEAR, YOU WOULD HAVE A VERY LITTLE TIME"

THE DRYAD'S HUNTING

Showing How Jones Tripped Over the Foot of Fate and Fell Plump Into the Arms of Destiny

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

NOW, part of this story is to be vague as a mirrored face at dusk; and part is to be as precise as the reflection of green trees in the glass of the stream; and all is to be as capricious as the flight of that wonderful butterfly of the South which is called Ajax by the reverent, and The White Devil by the profane. Incidentally, it is the story of Jones and the Dryad.

The profession of Jones was derided by the world at large. He collected butterflies for a living; and it may be imagined what the American public thought of him when they did not think he was demented. But a large, over-nourished and blasé millionaire, wearied of collecting pigeon-blood rubies, first editions and Rembrandts, through sheer ennui one day commissioned Jones to gather for him the most magnificent and complete collection of American butterflies that could possibly be secured—not only single perfect specimens of the two sexes in each species, but series on series of every kind, showing local varieties, seasonal variations in size and color, strange examples of albinism and polymorphic phenomena—in fact, this large, benevolent and intellectual capitalist wanted something which nobody else had, so he selected Jones and damned the expense. Nobody else had Jones: that pleased him; Jones was to secure specimens that nobody else had: and that would be doubly gratifying. Therefore he provided Jones with a twenty-year contract, an agreeable salary, turned him loose on a suspicious nation, and went back to hunt up safe investments for an income the size of which had begun to annoy him.

This part of the story is clear enough.

The few delirious capers cut by Jones subsequent to the signing of the contract consisted of a debauch at the Astor Library, a mad evening with seven aged gentlemen at the Entomological Society, and the purchase of a ticket to Florida. This last spasm was his undoing; he went for butterflies, and the first thing he did was to trip over the maliciously extended foot of Fate and fall plump into the open arms of Destiny. And in a week he was playing golf. This part is sufficiently vague, I hope.

The Dryad, with her sleeves rolled up above her pretty elbows, was preparing to assault a golf ball; Jones regarded the proceedings with that inscrutable expression which, no doubt, is bestowed upon certain creatures as a weapon of self-protection.

"Don't talk to me while I'm driving," said the Dryad.

"No," said Jones.

"Don't even say 'no!'" insisted the Dryad.

A sharp thwack shattered the silence; the golf ball sailed away toward the fifth green, landing in a gully. "Oh, bother," exclaimed the Dryad petulantly as the small black caddie pattered forward, irons rattling in his quiver. "Now, Mr. Jones, it is up to you"—doubtless a classically mythological form of admonition common to Dryads but now obsolete.

The Dryad, receiving no reply, looked around and beheld Jones, net poised, advancing on tiptoe across the green.

"What is it—a snake?" inquired the Dryad in an unsteady voice.

"It is The White Devil!" whispered Jones.

The Dryad's skirts were short enough as it was, but she hastily picked them up. She had a right to. "Does it bite?" she whispered, looking carefully around in the grass. But all she could see was a strangely beautiful butterfly settled on a blue wild blossom which swayed gently in the wind on the edge of the jungle. So she dropped her skirts. She had a right to.

Now, within a few moments of the hour when Jones had first laid eyes on her, and she on Jones, he had confided to her his family history, his ambitions, his ethical convictions, and his theories concerning the four known forms of the exquisite Ajax butterfly of Florida. She had been young enough to listen without yawning—which places her age somewhere close to eighteen. Besides, she had remembered almost everything that Jones had said, which confirms a diagnosis of her disease. There could be no doubt about it; the Dryad was afflicted with extreme Youth, for she now recognized the butterfly from the eulogy of Jones, and her innocent heart began a steady tattoo upon her ribs as Jones, on tiptoe, crept nearer and nearer, net outstretched.

The moment was solemn; breathless, hatless, bare-armed, the Dryad advanced, skirts spread as though to shoo chickens.

"Don't," whispered Jones.

But the damage had been accomplished; Ajax jerked his pearl and ashen banded wings, shot with the fiery crimson bar, flashed into the air, and was gone like the last glimmer of a fading sun-spot.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried the Dryad, clasping her highly ornamental hands; "what on earth will you think of my stupidity?"

"Nothing," said Jones resolutely, swallowing hard and gazing at the tangled jungle.

"It was too stupid," insisted the Dryad; and, as the silence of Jones assented, she added, "but it is not very nice of you to say so."

"Why, I didn't," cried Jones.

"You did," said the Dryad, tears of vexation in her blue eyes. "And to pay for your discourtesy you shall make me a silk net and I shall give up golf and spend my entire time in hunting for White Devils, to make amends."

The suggested penance appeared to attract Jones.

"Give up golf—which I am perfectly mad about," repeated the Dryad, "just because you were horrid when I tried to help you."

"That will be delightful," said Jones naively. "We will hunt Ajax together—all day, every day——"

"Oh, I shall catch—something—the first time I try," observed the Dryad airily. She teed up a practice ball, hit it a vicious whack, followed its flight with narrowing blue eyes, and, turning placidly upon Jones, smiled a dangerous smile.

"If I don't catch an Ajax before you do I'll forfeit anything you please," she said.

"I'll take it," said Jones.

"But," cried the Dryad, "what do you offer against it?"

"Whatever I ask from you," he said deliberately.

"You are somewhat vague, Mr. Jones."

"I won't be when I win."

"Tell me what you want—if you win!"

"What? With this caddie hanging around and listening?"

The Dryad, wide-eyed and flushed, regarded him in amazement.

Jones picked up a pinch of wet sand from the box, moulded it with great care into a tiny truncated cone, set it on the tee, set his ball on top of it, whipped the air persuasively with his driver once or twice, and, settling himself into the attitude popularly attributed to the Colossus of Rhodes, hit the ball for the longest, cleanest drive he had ever perpetrated.

"Dryad," he said politely, "it is now up to you."

Of all the exquisite creatures that float through the winter sunshine of the semi-tropics this is the most exquisite and spirituelle. Long, slender, swallow-tailed wings, tinted with pearl and primrose, crossed with ashy stripes and doubly barred with glowing crimson—this is the shy, forest-hunting creature that the Dryad sought to snare, and sought in vain.

Sometimes, standing on the long, white shell roads, where myriads of glittering dragon-flies sailed, far away a pale flash would catch the sun for an instant; and "Ready! Look out!" would cry the Dryad.

Vanity! Swifter than a swallow the Ajax passed, a pearly blurr against the glare of the white road; swish! swish! the silken nets swung in vain.

"Oh, bother," sighed the Dryad. Again, in the dim corridors of the forest, where tall palms clustered and the green live oaks spread transparent shadows across palmetto thickets, far in some sunlit glade a tiny wing-flash would bring the Dryad's forest cry: "Quick! Oh, quick!" But the woodland ghost was gone.

"Oh, bother, bother!" sighed the Dryad. "There are flowers—the sparkleberry is in blossom—there is bloom on the China tree, but this phantom never stops! Can nothing stop it!"

Day after day, guarding the long, white road, the Dryad saw the phantom pass—always flying north; day after day in the dim forest, the hurrying, pale-winged, tireless creatures fled away, darting always along some fixed yet invisible aerial path. Nothing lured them, neither the perfumed clusters of the China-berry, nor the white forest flowers; nothing checked them, neither the woven curtain of creepers across the forest barrier, nor the jungle walled with palms.

To the net of the Dryad and of Jones had fallen half a thousand jeweled victims: the exquisite bronzed Berenice, the velvet and yellow Palamedes, the great orange-winged creatures brilliant as lighted lanterns. But in the gemmed symmetry of the casket the opalescent heart was missing; and the Dryad, uncomforted, haunted the woodlands, roaming in defiance of the turquoise-tinted lizards and the possible serpent whose mouth is lined with snow-white membranes—prowling in contempt of that coiled horror that lies waiting,

S shaped, a mass of matted gray and velvet diamond pattern from which two lidless eyes glitter unwinking.

"How on earth did anybody ever catch an Ajax?" inquired the Dryad at the close of one fruitless, bootless day's pursuit.

"I suppose," said Jones, "that every year or so the Ajax alights." That was irony.

"On what?" insisted the Dryad.

"Oh, on—something," said Jones vaguely. "Butterflies are, no doubt, like the human species; flowers tempt some butterflies, mud-puddles attract others. One or the other will attract our Ajax some day."

That night Jones, with book open upon his knees, sat in the lamplight of the great veranda and read tales of Ajax to the Dryad; how that, in the tropics, Ajax assumes four forms, masquerading as Floridensis in winter and as Telamonides in summer, and how he wears the exquisite livery of Marcellus, too, and even assumes, according to a gentleman named Walsh, a fourth form. Beautiful pictures of Ajax illumined the page where were also engraved the signs of Mars and of Venus. The Dryad looked at these; Jones looked at her; the rest of the hotel looked at them. Jones read on.

Sleepy-eyed the Dryad listened; outside in the burnished moonlight the whippoorwill's spirit call challenged the star-set silence; and far away in the blue night she heard the deep breathing of the sea. Presently the Dryad slept in her rocking-chair, curved wrist propping her head; Jones was chagrined. He need not have been, for the Dryad was dreaming of him.

There came a day late in April when, knee deep in palmetto scrub, the Dryad and Jones stood leaning upon their nets and scanning the wilderness for the swift-winged forest phantom they had sought so long. Ajax was on the wing; glimpse after glimpse they had of him, a pale shadow in the sun, a misty spot in the shadow, then nothing but miles of palmetto scrub and the pink stems of tall pines.

Suddenly an Ajax darted into the sunny glade where they stood, and a ragged, faded brother Ajax fluttered up from the ground and, Ajax-like, defied the living lightning.

Wing beating wing they closed in battle, whirling round and round one another above the palmetto thicket. The ragged and battered butterfly won, the other darted away with the speed of a panic-stricken jacksnipe, and his shabby opponent quietly settled down on a sun-warmed twig.

Then it was that inspiration seized the Dryad: "Mr. Jones, you trick wild ducks into gunshot range by setting painted wooden ducks afloat close to the shore where you lie hidden. Catch that ragged Ajax, place him upon a leaf, and who knows?"

Decoy a butterfly? Decoy the forest phantom, drunk with the exhilaration of his own mad flight! It was the invention of a new sport.

Scarcely appearing to move at all, so cautious was his progress, Jones slowly drew near the basking and battle-tattered creature that had once been Ajax. There was a swift drop of the silken net, a flutter, and all was over. In the palm of Jones' hand, dead, lay the faded and torn insect with scarce a vestige of former beauty on the motionless wings.

Doubting, yet stirred to hope, he placed the dead butterfly on a palmetto frond, wings expanded to catch the sun; and then, standing within easy net-stroke, the excited Dryad and Jones strained their eyes to catch the first far glimpse of Ajax in the wilderness.

What was that distant flash of light? A dragon-fly sailing? There it is again! And there again! Nearer, nearer, following the same invisible aërial path.

"Quick!" whispered the Dryad. A magnificent Ajax flashed across the glade, turned an acute angle in mid-air, and in an instant hung hovering over the lifeless insect on the palmleaf.

Swish-h! A wild fluttering in the net, a soft cry of excitement from the Dryad, and there, dead, in the palm of the hand of Jones, lay the first perfect specimen, exquisite, flawless, beautiful beyond words.

Before the Dryad could place the lovely creature in safety another Ajax darted into the glade, sheered straight for the decoy, and the next instant was fluttering, a netted captive.

Then the excitement grew; again and again Ajax appeared in the vicinity; and the tension only increased as the forest phantom, unseeing or unheeding the decoy, darted on in a mad ecstasy of flight.

No hunter, crouched in the reeds, could find keener excitement watching near his decoys than the Dryad found that April day, motionless, almost breathless, scanning the forest depths for the misty-winged phantom of the tropic wilderness. One in six turned to the decoy; there were long, silent intervals of waiting and of strained expectancy; there were false alarms as a distant drifting dragon-fly glimmered in the sun; but one by one the swift-winged victims dashed at the decoy and were taken in their strength and pride and all their unsullied beauty. And when the sport of that April morning was over, and when Denis, the Ethiopian, turned the horses' heads homeward, Ajax Floridensis, Ajax Marcellus and Ajax Telamonides were no longer mysteries to the Dryad and to Jones.

But there was a deeper mystery to solve before returning to the vast caravansary across the river; and while they hesitated to attack it, I, editing this history, and having met and defeated Ajax in fair and open trial of cunning and of wit, think fit to throw a ray of modern light upon this archaic tale.

It is true that Ajax, of the family of Papilio, rivals the wind in flight, and seldom, in spring and summer, deigns to alight. Yet I have seen Ajax Telamonides alight in the middle of the roadway, and, netting him, have found him fresh from the chrysalis, and therefore weak and inexperienced. Ajax Floridensis I have taken with a net as he feasted on the bunches of white sparkleberry on the edge of the jungle.

Rarely have I seen Ajax seduced by the wild phlox blossoms, but I have sometimes caught him sipping there.

As for the decoy, I have used it and taken with it scores and scores of Ajax butterflies which otherwise I could not have hoped to capture. This is not all; the great Tiger Swallowtail of the orange groves can be decoyed by a dead comrade of either sex; so, too, can the royal, velvet-robed Palamedes butterfly; and when the imperial Turnus sails high among the magnolias' topmost branches, a pebble cast into the air near him will bring him fluttering down, following the stone as it falls to the ground. These three butterflies, however, are generally easily decoyed, and all love flowers. Yet, in experimenting with decoys, I have never seen an Ajax decoy to any dead butterfly except an Ajax; and the dead butterfly may be of either sex, and as battered as you please.

It is supposed by some that butterflies can distinguish color and form at no greater distance than five feet; and experiments in decoying appear to bear out this theory. Butterflies decoy to their own species, even to faded and imperfect ones.

Of half a dozen specimens set out on leaves and twigs, among which were Papilio Palamedes, Cresphontes and Turnus, Ajax decoyed only to an imperfect and faded Ajax, and finally, when among that brilliant array of specimens a single upper wing of a dead Ajax was placed on a broad leaf, the Ajax came to it, ignoring the other perfect specimens.

Yet Ajax will fight in single combat with any live butterfly, and so will Palamedes, Turnus and Cresphontes.

If a female Luna moth is placed in a cage of mosquito netting and hung out of the window at night she is almost certain to attract all the male Luna moths in the neighborhood before morning. In this case, as it is in the case of the other moths of the same group, it is the odor that attracts.

But in the case of a dead Ajax butterfly it appears to be color even more than form; and it can scarcely be odor, because the Ajax butterflies of both sexes decoy to a dead and dried butterfly of either sex. With this abstruse observation the editor retires into the jungle to peep out at a passing vehicle driven by an Ethiopian known as Denis, and containing two young people of sexes diametrically opposed. Therefore, I am pleasantly conscious that I can no longer conceal their identity from the marvelously gifted reader.

"And after all these weeks, during which I have so faithfully accompanied you, are you actually going to insist that I lost my bet?" said the Dryad in a low voice.

"But you did, didn't you?" inquired Jones.

"I let you catch the first Ajax. I might have prevented you; I might have even caught it myself!"

"But you didn't, did you?" said the pitiless Jones.

"Because," continued the Dryad, flushing, "I was generous enough to think only of capturing the butterflies, while all the time it appears *you* were thinking of something else. How sordid!" she added scornfully.

"You admit I won the bet?" persisted that meanest of men.

"I admit nothing, Mr. Jones."

"Didn't I win the bet?"

Silence.

"Didn't I——"

"Goodness, yes!" cried the Dryad. "Now what are you going to do about it?"

"You said," observed Jones, "that you would forfeit anything I desired. Didn't you?"

The Dryad looked at him, then looked away.

"Didn't you?"

Silence.

"Di——"

"Yes, I did."

"Then I am to ask what I desire?"

No answer.

"So," continued Jones in a low voice, "I do ask it."

Still no answer.

"Will you——"

"Mr. Jones," she said, turning a face toward him on which was written utter consternation.

"Will you," continued Jones, "permit me to name the first new butterfly that I capture after you?"

Her eyes widened.

"Is—is *that* all you desire?" she faltered. Suddenly her eyes filled.

"Absolutely all," said Jones simply—"to name a new butterfly after my wife——"

However, that was the simplest part of the whole matter; the trouble was all ahead, waiting for them on the veranda—two hundred pounds of wealthy trouble sitting in a rocking-chair, tatting, and keeping tabs upon the great clock and upon the trolley cars as they arrived in decorous procession from the golf links.

Ripened Genius

THERE is a prevalent opinion that the finest poetry has been produced by men in the fire of their youth or in their early prime. Byron, Burns, Shelley, Keats and Poe have been cited as examples. History does not confirm this opinion. It shows that for the highest, divinest verse long life and leisure are necessary. To make the most of his art, to create a Divine Comedy or a Paradise Lost, the poet must have abundant time and a fully ripened genius, enriched with the spoils of study and the fruits of many years of observation and experience. "The large organisms grow slowly and live long." Such was the case with Sophocles. His imaginative powers were at their highest point in his extreme old age, and he had almost reached his hundredth year when he produced those masterpieces of Greek dramatic poetry, the Antigone and the Œdipus in Colonus.

It was probably between the ages of thirty-seven and fifty-six that Dante wrought his mediæval miracle of song, The Divine Comedy. It was not until he had passed fifty-six, and the literature of every cultivated language had yielded all its stores of truth and beauty to enrich his all-embracing mind, that the blind Milton sat down to write his immortal epic. Wordsworth's genius ripened comparatively late, and he kept on doing noble poetic work till he was eighty.

The Rock Island System

SOUTH AND EAST SECTION OF ALAMOGORDO. ALAMOGORDO IS FOUR YEARS OLD, POPULATION 4000. ONE OF ITS MOST VALUABLE ASSETS IS ITS CLIMATE, TO TURN WHICH TO PROFITABLE ACCOUNT A SANITARIUM IS NOW PLANNED

A Railroad Principality of Unexampled Resources and Effective Organization

By Frank H. Spearman

WHEN the United States is reproached for shutting out foreign trade with a traffic wall, protectionists reply that, since the country contains in itself all natural resources, it needs no outside trade. Whatever may be thought of the argument it must be conceded that a nation so situated is uncommonly lucky.

The Rock Island System, including, as it now does, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Road and the 'Frisco System, may be said to constitute with its territory a railroad principality, and one which actually somewhat approaches the industrial independence claimed for the nation.

The Rock Island, for instance, serves more towns of 25,000 people than any Western road, and this gives it an urban standing. It might easily pose, too, as an agricultural road. A road strong in a wheat belt is said to be well intrenched. But what shall be said of a road whose wheat belt is bounded on the north by Canada, on the south by Mexico, on the west by the Rocky Mountains, and on the east by Ohio?

In the United States lies a pretty strictly defined corn belt. It is known as one of the richest agricultural regions in the world. Every railroad within the corn belt is rich, and the Rock Island lines are in the heart of it. That group of railroads in the Middle Northwest known before recent consolidations as the Granger lines has long been uniformly prosperous; but to-day, of all that group, only the Rock Island is able to carry export corn and wheat either to the Gulf over its own rails, or to the Atlantic seaboard through its Chicago gateway; it is at Chicago and at Galveston. A third field product of primary importance remains—cotton; and the Rock Island is a cotton road. Fourteen States share in the production of this crop, which ranks second among all of our agricultural resources. Of these States, nine are served by the Rock Island lines.

What is still more curious, one traffic territory served by the Rock Island, and somewhat vaguely termed the new Southwest, depends neither on corn, nor wheat, nor cotton alone. It enjoys a climate and a soil so patient of all of these crops that the farmer may plant, indifferently, whichever he pleases: cotton, or corn, or wheat.

An Inventory of Natural Resources

THE strength of a road drawing its traffic from all of our great agricultural districts is obvious. Railroads of the farther Northwest depend on a wheat crop. But the Rock Island may view with less alarm the failure of a wheat crop, or of any one of our three greatest crops, because it still has the other two to depend upon.

Last year seventy per cent. of the total grain crop of the country was raised in Rock Island System States. Sixty per cent., or 2,000,000 carloads, was raised in eleven States shipping largely by Rock Island lines. Fifty-five per cent. was raised west of the Mississippi River.

The Rock Island brings cattle from the farms and ranges of its own territory to the packing centres of the country, reaching all of them, and when it markets the cotton of its Southern farmer it brings to him his meat grown and packed on its own lines. This very packing-house product is crated and boxed in wood cut on Rock Island lines and carried north by the Rock Island. The system reaches the only considerable timber supply, save that on the Pacific Coast, now left in the United States. It penetrates not alone the Southern pine districts, but reaches the magnificent hardwood reserves of the Southwest, including the oak of Arkansas and the walnut of the Indian Territory. Texas does not pose as a timber country, yet the timber lands of this one State cover an area larger than that of the State of Indiana.

In Alabama the Rock Island is at Birmingham, which means a terminal in an American iron and steel district second only to that of Pittsburg. As to precious metals, Rock Island lines are in Colorado, and they reach the smelters of Denver, Pueblo, Omaha, Kansas City and El Paso. In lead the Rock Island is even more fortunate, for, with its 'Frisco System, it is, in the Joplin, Missouri, district, paramount.

These are certainly claims to distinction, but they do not exhaust the Rock Island list. It not only reaches and supplies every great manufacturing centre of the Middle West with all manner of raw material, but it distributes their wares over 15,000 miles of railroad in consuming territory. At Moline and at Rock Island, Illinois, are manufactories of agricultural implements among the most extensive in the country; they are very particularly Rock Island System industries. Kansas City, on the other hand, is the greatest distributing centre for agricultural implements in the whole world, and it is a principal terminal of both the big roads of the Rock Island System. In the southwestern part of Missouri and the northwestern part of Arkansas lies a region especially favored by Providence in the temper of its soil and climate. It is known as the Ozark Plateau. Fruit should not ordinarily be expected, outside California, to interest a large railroad system. But Missouri is the home of the big, red apple, and of these it supplies thousands of carloads to the Rock Island. Niagara County, New York, boasts 924,086 apple trees, and in the whole United States there is no record to approach this except in Washington County, Arkansas, where there were at the same time—1900—1,555,000 apple trees; and Washington County has planted half a million apple trees since then. The lesser fruits figure more in the traffic of the express companies, but peaches from the Ozark Plateau supply more than a thousand cars of freight every year to this one road. The modest strawberry reddens in the winter sun at the southernmost corner of this delightful district. Beginning there, the Rock Island picks it up as the season advances, all the way up the line for the northern markets, and, incredible as it may seem, the Ozark strawberry, in addition to an enormous express business, supplies annually hundreds of carloads as freight.

A last natural product vital to the prosperity of an American railroad remains, and to its abundance of riches the Rock Island adds a wealth of coal territory which, in extent and distribution, is unusual. One of its new lines, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, is distinctively a coal road, and when it is considered that the coal fields of Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, the Indian Territory and Alabama are all reached by the Rock Island, a strong position in coal resources will be granted it.

A ROCK ISLAND COAL MINER

Looking Ahead Five Hundred Years

CONSIDERED, then, as a combination of railroads joined into one system for industrial independence, the Rock Island lines present a front that is formidable. A traffic preeminence can hardly be denied to so considerable a factor among Western railroads when once its plans are realized. It is to-day that these are being shaped. The Rock Island is an infant among American railway systems, but it is regarded as a fairly vigorous one, and, with its career worked out under wise counsels, no traffic property in the country should have

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Mr. Spearman, each complete in itself, descriptive of the larger strategy of the great railways.

a more enviable future. It is only fair to say that the promise of this already shows forth in the dispositions made for executive authority. The Rock Island is purely a Western road, if by this may be understood that it is a Southwestern, a Northwestern and a Southern road. It is Western as opposed to lines within its territory that seek for, or enjoy, an Atlantic seaboard terminal. The Eastern terminal horizon of the Rock Island is definitely bounded by Chicago, where it maintains relations with all Eastern trunk lines. West of Chicago, however, the Rock Island is practically everywhere east of Wyoming and the Rio Grande River. As if to emphasize its Western completeness it is building now into New Orleans, spending there $2,000,000 for terminals, and in these providing not alone for city business but, of more importance, for imports and exports. Anticipating the needs of five hundred years it has acquired three miles of river frontage for its docks and warehouses, but of this abundant holding six thousand feet will take care of the needs of the present generation of traffic managers, who will direct Rock Island traffic to Galveston, New Orleans or Chicago as conditions imply. The completion, too, of the 'Frisco line from St. Louis into New Orleans will witness the completion of the longest low grade railroad line in the United States, being nowhere above eleven feet to the mile.

HOBART, OKLAHOMA TERRITORY—TWO WEEKS OLD

How They Do It in the West

A ROAD so Western in its territorial strategy is naturally managed wholly in the West. Western railroad men are in themselves a tower of strength. They stand for decision, action and organization. They are indefatigable, constructive, and, above all, resourceful, and to them America owes so much of its present excellence, notable the world over, in affairs of transportation that the only danger in paying them too strong a tribute is lest it should seem to rob Eastern railroad men somewhat of their own high due. It is, however, undoubtedly true that poverty of material resources aids in the overcoming of difficulties. It stimulates mental ingenuity, and the Western railroad man has had the inestimable advantage of a stern frontier school. The operating and executive staff of the Rock Island is as markedly Western as its lines. Mr. Winchell, the president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, who finds himself at less than forty-six under so particular an executive responsibility, has behind him a Western record as continuous and rounded as that of most railroad veterans of sixty. Outside the motive power it would be difficult to name a single department of the road of which he is chief into which he could not step and perform with ease the duties of the head. Neither the auditing, the passenger department, the freight traffic, nor the operating would present serious difficulties to the president, since he has built up each of such branches on several different Western roads, and the most important of them on the system he now heads.

Within only the last ten years he has been general passenger and ticket agent of the Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf, and of the 'Frisco road as well, vice-president and traffic manager of the Colorado and Southern, president of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis, vice-president of the 'Frisco System, and lastly and at once, first vice-president of the 'Frisco, of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, the Evansville and Terre Haute, and third vice-president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, in charge both of the operating and the traffic.

To carry the load implied in positions so exacting as these indicates extraordinary facility in dispatching work, and the men Mr. Winchell is drawing around him are much of this type: men neither young nor old, but at the best of their executive power. Thus, one of the heads of Mr. Winchell's staff is a little younger than himself; a second has just turned forty, while the general superintendents are in their prime.

On these men falls the responsibility for the building up of the Rock Island System, and no railroad work, in all of the newer dispositions of railroad management and control, will involve more hard thinking or call for a heavier expenditure of vital energy on the part of a few men.

In the first place, the operating problems are momentous. A curious statistician has figured out that a union labor president of the Rock Island System traveling eight hours a day on a fast train would need all of sixty days to ride over his road, not to mention stopping for inspection; but railroad presidents, not yet having formed a union, work sixteen hours a day, and could, therefore, make the trip in less. However, it would be obviously impossible for any single set of operating officials to get the best results in handling so extended a mileage, and the two chief constituent lines of the system, that is to say, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway and the 'Frisco System, are likely to be coördinated in operating rather than merged. In the handling of large properties railroad practice has already found the limit beyond which it is not wise to extend the work of a single executive staff. If the seat of an authority be too many miles from the point of appeal on questions that call for prompt answer, efficiency is soon impaired. The railroad is no longer sensitively in touch with its customers; the opportunity to make the road respond to every profitable suggestion from shipper or superintendent is lost, and with it the highest development of local traffic.

But in this coördinating, this unifying, this assembling into a working machine of the crude materials of a railroad system lies a labor of infinite pains. It is not like the building of one engine after the pattern of another, for each railroad system presents, in forming, unique difficulties, and the builders of the newer can only choose from the experience of the earlier what they deem suited to their peculiar needs.

The older Rock Island lines present work for the engineering department. No road representing physically the average conditions of a few years ago can hope for a place in the first rank of traffic to-day, and that the new Rock Island people understand this is shown in their moves toward betterment. These necessities, however, must be met gradually, and here, too, a nice judgment is needed. What may be taken by the Rock Island public as a token of the present policy is best shown in the new construction. The system is now filling in two links between important terminals, one from Chicago to St. Louis and one from St. Louis to Kansas City. The Chicago-St. Louis line is to be double-tracked eighty per cent. of the way, and though the St. Louis-Kansas City line runs through a rougher country than any road between the points named, it shows lighter grades and curvature than any existing line. In this new track-building, wood, with the exception of ties, has been completely eliminated. Bridges and culverts are of steel and concrete, the aim being to put the new road at once in advance of any present competition.

This much of the parent line. As to the 'Frisco, it being, in a way, a Southern road, one expects less of it; yet it shows, somewhat as a surprise, in the getting of traffic, in immigration seeking, and in public service an aggressiveness which older lines may be glad to follow. The 'Frisco runs fully-equipped passenger trains between St. Louis and Fort Worth and between Kansas City and Birmingham such as need fear no comparison with the limited trains of the North. They are really years ahead of the times, but they are substantial aids toward the good will of the public that the road serves. People along the 'Frisco lines are quick to surprise one with the statement that their road and the system of which it is a part run more electrically-lighted cars than any other railroad in America of equal mileage.

As to the system as a whole, the injecting of so much fresh blood into it within two years has naturally resulted in all manner of experiments. Not all of these represent final excellence; it is a case of selection and rejection. But in the main they present the spectacle of the most conservative road in the West, so conservative that it has borne the reproach of being old-fashioned, being transformed into a road thoroughly up-to-date in its methods of securing and handling traffic. Not the least interesting point in these advanced ideas, and one that shows extraordinary results in the building of new States and Territories, is the wholly new method in the passenger department for attracting travel and immigration.

An Active Immigration Bureau

THE department in the beginning stimulates inquiry by entering the lists as an advertiser, and not as a conventional advertiser but as a bold and striking one. It makes its own every resource in the Yankee art of publicity, and, having attracted its audience, handles it with the tact of a mail-order house. It establishes, in fact, a mail-order branch in railroad administration. The old railroad way of sending to an inquirer merely advertising matter or a letter has been supplanted by the "follow-up" idea, and the Rock Island plans for getting results are almost as exact as the cost sheets of a manufacturer turning out a large product on a narrow margin of profit. Such a plan costs more but it brings extraordinary results, and it is not too much to say that, at the moment, the Rock Island sets a pace in publicity efforts for every railroad that has need to build up its territory with families and farms and towns. To direct the tide of

(Continued on Page 23)

A LOOK ALONG MAIN STREET, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA TERRITORY

WAITING FOR A TRAIN AT EL RENO DURING THE OPENING OF THE "NEW COUNTRY" IN 1901

STREET SCENE IN SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA. A TOWN EIGHT YEARS OLD WITH A POPULATION OF 15,000

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

Copyright, 1904, by H. B. Marriott Watson. Copyright in Great Britain

"WELL, SIR?" SAID HE BRUSQUELY

CHAPTER XII—CONCLUDED

IT WAS falling dark when I reached the staterooms, and all was as usual. The same vacant face of quietude was presented to me in the corridor. Leaving the two men, of whom one was Grant, on guard, I went below to my cabin, and as I did so, thought to look in upon Pye. Faint shafts of light streamed in by the open port, but I could see no one.

"Pye!" I called, and received no answer.

Well, it was of small consequence to us if Pye recovered or not, for he was negligible as a unit of our defense. But I was glad that the little man had sufficiently resumed what might be called his manhood to be up and about again. Maybe, I thought with some amusement, I should find him airing himself in the corridor or disporting in the music-room. Coming out of my cabin I groped my way along the passage in the direction of the stairs. When I reached the foot of them it was quite dark, and I stopped, arrested suddenly by a murmur of voices from the saloon beyond. I knew that some one must be on guard there, but I did not quite understand the murmur. I hesitated, making some inquiries in my mind. From the hour I came to the conclusion that Barraclough was on duty, and I turned and entered the saloon, the door of which was ajar.

"Is that you, Barraclough?" I called.

My voice penetrated the darkness, which was here alleviated by the dull gleam from the portholes. I heard a rustling, and I was sure it was of a woman's skirts.

"What do you want?" asked Barraclough in a leaden voice.

"Oh, nothing," said I as coldly. "I only thought I heard voices."

"Now what the——" He pulled himself up sharply, for with all his faults—and Heaven knows I had yet to find how many they were—he was a gentleman.

"It is the doctor," came in mademoiselle's pretty accents. "Oh, it is so cold upstairs, Doctor. You must make us some machinery to warm us."

"We shall be colder yet, mademoiselle," I replied indifferently; "we shall have the ices of Magellan refrigerating us to-morrow."

"Magellan!" cried Barraclough. "What the mischief does that mean?"

"Ask Mr. Holgate," I answered. "It's his affair, or he thinks it is. He has taken it on himself." I made my way to the electric-light knobs. "As it seems to be getting dark," I said, not without irony, "I will take the liberty of illuminating."

"Oh, it's none so dark," growled Barraclough. "We ought to be used to darkness by this time. We're not all children at nurse," he sneered palpably.

I turned the switch, but no light came. "It's gone wrong," I exclaimed.

"Yes, I did try it a little time ago," said mademoiselle sweetly, "when Sir John and I were in so deep argument."

Of course, it was a lie, but what did that matter? If I could have seen Barraclough's face at that moment I felt sure it would have advertised a sense of shame, despite his passivity. But mademoiselle—well, I could see in the dusk the shadow of her face, and it was a handsome shadow. Almost I could see her smile. They were seated in the recesses of the saloon. I moved toward them.

"I suppose you understand the hang of this, Sir John," I said dryly.

"I'm not a patent detective," he answered with his arrogant sneer; but I paid no heed, for I felt sure of settling him then and there.

"I suppose it has occurred to you to reflect on whose grace we have depended for our electric supply," I said mildly.

"I know that it comes from the engine-room, if that's what you mean," he replied bluntly.

"And now it's cut off," I said.

There was a pause, and it was the lady who broke it.

"What is that you mean, Doctor?"

I addressed her. "The mutineers cut off the light preparatory to an attack."

"You are the most wonderful sleuth-hound, Doctor Phillimore," said Barraclough with a hard laugh. "Your talents are quite thrown away."

"I regret to say they are here," I answered sharply. "Yet I'm going to make another try. Where's Day? And where would he be if he had paid some attention to the patent detective? I tell you again, Sir John Barraclough, that we've got to expect an attack to-night, and that's why the light is gone."

A man may endure hostility and defeat; he may suffer shame and injustice; he may undergo pangs of jealousy and remorse. All these things are dispiriting or humiliating, but I declare that I would willingly experience them all if I might save myself from the supreme dishonor of appearing in a ridiculous rôle. I had spoken strongly because I felt warmly, and there was a note of dictatorial assurance in my voice which might have convinced, or at least silenced, Barraclough. But I had left the switches closed, and, to my shocking discomfiture, as I finished my declamation the saloon was at a stroke flooded with light.

The radiance discovered to me mademoiselle's piquant face, her eyes smiling, her lips full and pouting, and close beside her Barraclough's fair Saxon jowl. He grinned at me, but said nothing, for which, perhaps, I should have been grateful. But I was not.

"But this is in our honor, then?" suggested Mlle. Yvonne prettily.

I had no fancy for her, but I did not mind her little sarcasm.

I bowed. "No doubt to celebrate my oratory," I said, recovering myself. "But, as we do not know how long Mr. Holgate will condescend to continue his compliment, we may as well make the most of it."

"You're a cool hand, Phillimore," said Barraclough, now with the good temper of one who has triumphed.

"But none so cool as Holgate," I returned him in the same spirit, "for he has just warned me that his reasons for not attacking us are at an end." He regarded me interrogatively. "Holgate is not only a cool hand but a cunning hand, a far-reasoning hand. He has let us take care of his treasure until he was ready for it."

"What do you mean?" asked Barraclough in astonishment.

"His men might have become demoralized if he had seized the safe. He has, therefore, feigned to them that it was not practicable. That has been his reason for our security, not tender mercy for us, you may guess. So we have kept his treasure safe, and now—he wants it."

"Why now?" queried Barraclough, who frowned.

"That's Holgate's secret. I suppose he knows what he is going to do, and what destination he wants. We don't. Anyway, we're turning through Magellan to-night, and he has no further use for us."

"I wish I'd shot that fiend to-day," said Barraclough savagely.

Mademoiselle looked from one to the other, a curious expression on her face.

"He is a remarkable man, this 'Olgate?" she asked.

"He is—pardon, mademoiselle—the devil," said Barraclough.

She laughed her fluting laughter. "Oh, but the devil may be perhaps converted," she said. "He may be tamed. You say music have powers to tame the savage breast." She tapped her bosom dramatically, and smiled. "There is many men that may be tamed."

She cast a soft glance at Barraclough and then at me.

But I only got the edge of it, for at that moment I caught sight of a gray face, with little tufts of whisker under the ears, and glancing glasses, that hung over the railings of the music balcony above. It was Pye. Had he been there long, in the darkness, or had he only just arrived, attracted by the light and voices? The latter seemed the more probable assumption, for as I looked up he made a movement as if he was embarrassed at being discovered. Yet, if he had been eavesdropping, where was the harm? But somehow I felt annoyed. The others followed my glance, but the clerk had gone.

Mlle. Trébizond sighed and put her small hand over her mouth to hide a yawn.

"It is so what you call dull, Sir John," she protested in her coquettish way. "Nothing but sea, sea, and not even the chance to go on deck. I would sooner have the mutineers. Oh, but it was insensate to leave Europe and France. No, it is a country the most diabolic this side of the ocean. What is there under the sea, Sir John?"

"Why, the fishes, mademoiselle," said he, grinning.

"No, no; understand me, monsieur. I mean under the ground. What is there?" She waved her hands. "Sea, sea, sea, nothing else, and savages," she added thoughtfully.

"They would be interesting," I suggested dryly.

She looked at me. "My good friend, Doctor, you are right," she said charmingly. "More interesting than this company. Monsieur 'Olgate, he is interesting, is it not?"

"We may have an opportunity of judging presently," said I lightly.

Mademoiselle got up and peered out of one of the portholes. The glow of the electric light in the luxurious saloon threw into blueness the stark darkness of the evening. Nothing was visible, but through the ports streamed the cadences of the water rising and falling about the hull. It had its picturesque side, that scene, and, looked at with sympathetic eyes, the setting was romantic, whatever tragedy might follow. That it was to be tragedy I was assured, but this pretty, emotional butterfly had no such thoughts. Why should she have? She was safeguarded by the prince of a regnant line; she was to be the mistress of millions; and she could coquet at will in dark corners with handsome officers. She was bored, no doubt, and when dominoes with her maid failed her she had Barraclough to fall back on, and there was her art behind all, if she had only an audience. I began to see the explanation of that astonishing scene earlier in the day. She was vain to her finger-tips; she loved sensations; and it was trying even to be the betrothed of a royal prince, if divorced from excitements to her vanity. After all, Prince Frederic, apart from his lineage, was an ordinary mortal, and his conversation was not stimulating. In Germany or in Paris mademoiselle would have footed it happily as the consort even of a dethroned prince; but what was to be got out of the eternal wash and silence of the ocean, out of the sea, sea, sea, as she herself phrased it?

She came back from the porthole. "It is so dull," she said, and yawned politely. Well, it was dull, but perhaps dullness was more pleasant than the excitements we were promised. With a flirt of her eyes she left us.

When she was gone Barraclough eyed me coldly and steadily.

"You didn't say all you had to say," he remarked.

"No, I didn't. Lights or no lights, Holgate will attack presently—I will not pin myself to to-night.

"IT'S ME—IT'S PYE"

He is where he wants to be, or will be soon. Then he has no use for us"—I paused—"women or men."

"Do you think him that sort of scoundrel?" he inquired sharply.

"What has he done? Played with us as a cat with mice. Oh, he's the most unholy ruffian I've ever struck. And you know it. Look at his face. No, Barraclough, it's death—it's death to every man Jack——"

"And the women?" he said hesitatingly

I, too, hesitated. "No, I don't credit him with that. He threatened, but I don't quite believe. Yet I don't know. No, I think it's a question of a terminus for all of us, man and woman"—I paused—"including your pretty friend there."

He turned sharply on me, but made no remark. His eyelids were drawn and heavy and his eyes surcharged. He appeared to be under the stress of some severe thought. I moved away, leaving it at that, for it was obvious that he was moved. As I reached the door I happened to glance back. Barraclough stood where I had left him, his brows knitted; but my eyes passed from him to the gallery, and there lighted on mademoiselle who stood with one hand on the railing gazing down at Barraclough. She had her other hand to her heart, and her face was white like death, but that may have been the effect of the electric light. I wondered, as I had wondered about Pye, how long she had been there, and if she had heard. Had she spied on us of a set purpose? If so (God help her!) she had taken no good of her eavesdropping. A pity for her seized me. She was still and silent in the course of my gaze, but as I looked the ship heeled, her bosom struck the railing heavily, and she uttered a tiny cry. Barraclough glanced up and saw her. As I went out a cold blast streamed off the sea and entered the open ports; the waters rocked and roared. I guessed that we were entering the channel.

I had made my report to Barraclough, but I had got to report to the Prince. When I reached his cabin I found him seated before his table, engaged in sorting a number of documents. He wore glasses, which I had never seen on him before, and he proffered me a severe frown as I entered. I have never to this day rightly assessed the character of Prince Frederic of Hochburg; so many odd ingredients entered into it. He was dictatorial, he was even domineering, he was hardworking and he was conscientious. About these qualities I had already made up my mind. But his acts had been wholly in disregard of the rhythmical and regular conventions which he should thus have associated with himself. He had broken with his fatherland, he had thrown over dynastic laws, he had gone by his will alone, and no red tape. Perhaps there was the solution: He had gone by his conscience. I have said I was convinced of his conscientiousness, and possibly in these strange departures from the code of his fathers he was following a new and internal guide to the detriment of his own material interests. He had abandoned the essence while retaining the forms of his birth and breeding. At least, this is but my assumption; his actions must explain him for himself. I have set down faithfully how he behaved from the first moment I met him. Let him be judged by that.

The Prince, then, who had violated the traditions of his house by his proposed alliance, was occupied in his accounts. That, at any rate, is what I gathered from the hasty glance I got at the sheets of figures before him.

"Well, sir?" said he brusquely

"I report, sir, that we have entered the Straits of Magellan, and that we have every reason to look for an attack at any moment," I said formally.

He dropped his pen. "So!" he said, nodding quite pleasantly. "It is just as well that it comes, Doctor. We have been too long on the rack. It has done us no good."

"I think you are right, sir," I answered, "and, on the other hand, it has been of service to the mutineers."

He looked perplexed. "We have taken charge of the safes for them," I explained.

He sat silent a while, and then mechanically curled his mustache upward.

"Yes—yes—yes," he said. "You are right. That, then, is the reason. This man is clever."

It seemed the echo of what his lady love had said a quarter of an hour before. I made no reply, as none seemed necessary. He went to the barred window in which a gap was open, letting in the night, and the act recalled again to me mademoiselle. Was this scion of royalty perishing for an idea? He looked very strong, very capable, and rather wonderful just then. I had never been drawn to him, but I had at the moment some understanding of what it might mean to be the subject of so masterful and unreasonable a man. Yet now he was not at all unreasonable, or even masterful. He turned back to me.

"Doctor," he said gently, "we must see that the ladies are not incommoded"

"We will all do our best," I answered, wondering if he knew how inadequate a word he had used. Incommoded! Good Heavens! Was my knowledge of Holgate to go for nothing? What would be the end?

Was the man an idealist? He seemed sunk in a dream, and I saw his face soften as he stared out at the sea. Compassion gushed in my heart. I turned away.

CHAPTER XIII—THE FOG

MY WATCH ended at ten o'clock, and I went direct to my cabin. I was a light sleeper and could depend upon awaking at the slightest sound. Thus I had no fear that I should be wanting in an emergency, quite apart from the fact that the steward was stationed at the opening into the saloon with strict orders

THE FULL FORCE OF HER SWEET BODY FELL ON ME

I suppose it must have been three hours later that I sat up in my bunk with a consciousness that something was wrong I listened, but I could hear no sound, and I rose to my feet, seizing my revolver. Then I understood. It was precisely that there was no sound, or, rather, that sounds had dwindled, that I had awoke. The screw had stopped. I opened the door and went along the passage toward the saloon. Grant was at the foot of the stairs and I hailed him

"No, sir; I don't know, sir," he answered me, in respect of my questions.

Well, one had to find out at any cost, and I ran up the stairs and got access to the corridor of the staterooms. Here were gathered the Prince, Barraclough, Lane and the quartermaster.

"I believe he's been on the P. S. N. C.," Lane was saying as I came up. "He ought to be able to pull her through."

"The question is, does he want to?" asked Barraclough grimly.

"Who wants to lock his ship in these accursed bilboes?" cried the purser. "It's enough to freeze one's hair stiff Can you see anything?"

For answer Barraclough threw open the door that led upon the deck, and it was as if a vent had yawned in the night. It was pitch black, and, what was worse, banks of fog rolled along the thwarts. Lane drew back a step and shivered.

"Oh, my uncle!" he exclaimed.

"You do not see any sign of them?" inquired the Prince imperturbably.

Barraclough shook his head. "If they're coming they'll have their work cut out to find their way," he said.

"Oh, let 'em all come this weather," says Lane agreeably. "I wish I'd bought ducks—I mean fires."

He was shivering continuously, and I pushed him back. "Don't be a fool," said I; "we want all hands in good form during the next four-and-twenty hours."

I peered out of the door, but the screen of sea fog shut off the view; it was as if I gazed at a blank wall; and the cold was intense.

"What do you guess has happened?" I asked Barraclough.

"He's got her in a narrow gut somewhere, and is frightened. I've only been through here twice in my life, and in both cases it was broad daylight. This is where they melt fogs for the world. Oh, hang it, let's have the door shut."

He shut it as he spoke, and I looked round. The Prince sat on a sofa and waited. Lane blew on his fingers and whistled. Ellison stood, the respectful seaman as ever.

"They've been kind about the electric light," observed Barraclough with a grin at me.

I said nothing, for there was nothing I could rejoin in the circumstances. I retraced my way to the door and opened it.

"Oh, confound it all," roared Barraclough as the fog rolled in, "don't you see the ladies are here?"

I turned back, but only Princess Alix was visible. She moved whitely and tall under the lights. I shut the door again

"Why has the yacht stopped, Frederic?" she asked her brother.

"The fog," he answered with a gesture toward the door.

She looked toward us, her upper lip lifted in a charming excitement, and the color flying in her cheeks. Then she came forward swiftly, and even as she did so the Sea Queen heeled over, rolling and trembling from her copper sheathing upward. The shock sent me against the wall, and Barraclough also staggered. Princess Alix in her flight was precipitated forward and ran upon me. She had put up her hands instinctively to save herself, but in the rush she gathered momentum and swung across the dozen paces between where she had been and the door with the speed of an arrow discharged in the air. Her palms struck the woodwork with a resounding slap, but the full force of her sweet body fell on me. For one instant I held her in my arms quite closely, her breath upon my face.

"Are you hurt, Princess?" I gasped.

"Oh, my hands!" she cried pitifully, and then ceased suddenly. She withdrew a little. "They sting," she said also breathlessly. "But you—you must be injured."

"I am a little out of breath," I answered. "But I was never better in my life." I cannot say why I blurted this forth. Somehow, I was beyond myself.

"She has struck," cried Barraclough.

The Sea Queen righted herself slowly.

"I can't stand this," I said. "I'm going to find out"

I glanced at the Princess, but she stood clinging to the wall, her bosom heaving, her eyes on Barraclough. I opened the door, and, stepping out, closed it again behind me. I was determined to find out what had happened.

After all, it was not a very hazardous enterprise. Holgate had shown no disposition to take advantage of my visits to the forecastle, and it was pretty clear that no attack was possible at the moment. Nevertheless, I will confess that I experienced a little elation in feeling my way through the dense darkness along the saloon. It is not always possible to analyze one's feelings, but I think afterward (not at the time) I connected this mood with the Princess. I had held her in my arms, her face to mine, and I was suddenly exalted to be capable of great things. There was nothing I would not have dared then, no danger from which I would have shrunk, no risk I would not have taken, however foolhardy. In a sense I walked on air, I was lunatic, and all because I had held for an instant of time an adorable woman in my arms with no consent of hers. I believe now (and I hope it will not be counted against me) that it was with a little swagger that I opened the door and stepped forth into the rolling fog

The Sea Queen stirred a little as if to show she still lived, but there was no motion perceptible. I had buttoned up my coat round my neck, but even so, the mists from the ice clad hills on either side of the passage bit hard into me. I groped to the chart-house and then paused. A twinkle of light was visible ahead and aloft. It was the bridge. I launched myself suddenly into the vacancy before me, and went like hoodman-blind with arms outstretched toward the railing. I struck an iron pillar, and guiding myself from it to another reached at last the foot of the ladder that ran up. This I mounted very deliberately and carefully, until I had come to the bridge itself, where a dull light burned by the binnacle. Instantly I was taken by the throat.

I struggled with my assailant at a disadvantage, as I was unable to reach his face, owing to his superior grip of me, but I managed to get a leg at the back of his, and though the pressure on my windpipe was terrible, and I felt that I was weakening fast, I threw him back against the railings. As I did so a light was thrust into my face, and Holgate said

"It's the doctor. All right, Pierce. Hands off, man."

Even as he spoke my antagonist loosened his hold and I drew off, the relaxed artery jumping in my throat painfully.

"By George, Doctor, you were near gone," went on Holgate in his ruminating voice. "Pierce don't take his fingers off no more than a bulldog when he has once caught on. Lucky I had a suspicion of you. I thought no one would be such a fool as to venture save you. Glad to see you, as always, if unexpectedly. Any news?"

He lighted a cigar as he spoke, and the fog was roseate about his head. I recovered my breath as best I might.

"As you are reserving us—Holgate, for a destiny of your own," I panted, "and we are not—particularly anxious to anticipate it—I thought I would find out—if we are going down"

He laughed fatly. "I like you, Doctor; upon my soul I do. It's a real pity we couldn't have hit it off. No; you can sleep calmly. There's no going down; well, not yet. I've been through these Straits a score of times, and in all weathers, and I've learned this much, that a fog spells the red flag. That's all, Doctor Phillimore. She's got no more than steering way on her, and I intend to pull her up presently."

"Well," said I, "I suppose it matters nothing to us, but a wreck is a frightening matter this weather."

He seemed to be studying me, and then laughed. "All serene. If you have made up your mind to your fate there's nothing to be said. But I'm in charge here, and not Sir John Barraclough. I suppose he has some use, but I've not made it out up till now."

"Holgate," said I suddenly, "this vessel's in your hands till she's out of the Straits, if she's ever out. I don't deny it. But I should like a little further light on destiny, so to speak. You reckon you can take the safes. What more do you want?"

"Nothing in the world, my lad," he said comfortably. "You've hit it. Nothing in the wide, wide world."

"Rubbish!" said I sharply. "Does any one suppose you're going to turn loose witnesses against you?"

He took the cigar from his mouth, and though I could not discern his face in the fog, I knew its expression.

"Well, now, that's a new idea, and not a bad idea," he said equably. "Of course, I should be running a risk, shouldn't I? But what's to be done in conflict with a temperament like mine? I can't help myself. Take your oath on one thing, Doctor, and that is, I'll die game. If the respectable folk whom I take pity on and land somewhere—somewhere nice—turn on me, why, I'll die game. But, of course, they won't. You know they won't, Doctor."

This question was not worth answering: indeed, I knew it was not meant for an answer; it was a palpable gibe. I held my tongue, but now I knew I should get no information out of this soft-voiced ruffian until it suited him to give it. Our fate was still a mystery if we were beaten in the struggle that was imminent and I could not flatter myself with hopes of our victory.

I bade him good-night, for there was no reason to dispense with ceremonies; we were still enjoying our armed truce But I had got no farther than the ladder when he hailed me through the gloom.

"I've pitched her to, now, Doctor. You can sleep like a babe, and the Princess, too."

I stopped—I knew not why; perhaps I had still a faint hope of discovering something.

"That means you will attack," I said calmly.

His figure loomed out upon me in the fog, the red cigar end burning in his mouth. "You don't mean that, my lad," said he in an easy, affectionate tone. "I'm Lancashire born and Lancashire bred, and I'm shrewd enough to know a bit You don't mean that, bless you. Look ye here, Doctor, go and take your rest, and pray God to deliver you from your folly. A foolish man you were and that you be. You'll die that, my lad, I fear. Yet I would give you another chance. I liked you when I sat opposite to you in the tavern there."

"Ah, Holgate," said I, sighing deeply, "how many weary years ago, and your doing!"

I admit that this was theatrical; it was designed as such, and as a last appeal. I was afraid of that man, and that is the truth. I drew a bow at a venture. From the change in the position of the burning edge I gathered that he took his cigar out of his mouth. He was perceptibly silent for a time. Then the light went back.

"Well, you'll have a sound sleep if you take my advice," he said in his normal tones.

"And then . . . a sounder," I said lightly.

"You always take too much for granted, Doctor," he replied laughing. "By Jove, I wish I had your forward mind."

"You shall have anything you like of mine directly," I said flippantly, and began the descent of the ladder.

I was conscious that he leaned over the barrier of the bridge watching me, for I saw the point of his cigar, but that was soon swallowed up in the darkness, and I saw nothing more. The cold was so intense that my fingers had grown numb as I talked with Holgate, and I could hardly feel the iron; moreover, my feet were like lumps of ice, and seemed to rest on nothing as they met the rungs. This, I imagine, was the reason of my mishap. At any rate, I missed a rung, lost my catch, and tumbled heavily down the last three or four steps, falling, to my surprise, not upon the hard deck, but upon some warmer, softer body. Remembering vividly and painfully my struggle with Pierce, I was on my guard and grabbed the man that lay under me.

"It's me—it's Pye," he gasped.

I was astounded and relaxed my hold. Pye! What was the little craven clerk doing there at this time of night, and in such weather?

"What the——" I began, when he uttered an exclamation of terror, as it seemed.

"Doctor Phillimore!"

"That is so," I answered. "What on earth are you doing here?"

There was almost a whimper in his voice as he replied:

"The fog, Doctor. I was foolish enough to wander out on the deck, and I lost my way. I've been straying about for twenty minutes or more. I couldn't find the door again."

"Well, you won't in this direction," I assured him. "This part of the country belongs to the enemy. You've strayed afield, my friend, so if you'll give me your arm I'll do my best to put you straight."

He thanked me, and did as I asked him, but, as I thought, somewhat timorously. His hand rested nervously inside my arm, as if he would have withdrawn it and fled at a moment's notice.

And so we stumbled along the deck together to the state-cabins.

I gave the signal on the door and we were admitted by Ellison. There was no one else in the corridor except Lane at the farther end, and, to my surprise, the Princess. She was seated on a couch under the electric light reading, clad in a long and flowing morning gown. Her hand with the book had dropped a little as we entered, and her eyes sought us.

"There will be no alarm to-night, Ellison," I said on the spur of the moment, and I caught the Princess' eye. She rose, shut her book, and came toward us.

"You have come back safely," she said in her quick, impulsive way.

"The fog was the only danger," I answered. "And it nearly did for Mr. Pye. You may confide your head to the pillow with security to-night, Miss Morland. To-night Mr. Holgate is a sailor."

She did not seem to understand.

"His care is his ship to-night," I rejoined

"You have placed us in your debt," she said. "I do not think my brother knows how much we have been indebted to you."

I looked at Pye. The praise was pleasant on her lips, but I felt a little embarrassed. The clerk's eyes were fastened on the Princess Alix with a certain definite avidity of gaze. It was as if some strange animal had suddenly stiffened at the sight of prey and was watching greedily. The look repelled me; it struck horror to my marrow. I could have seized him, shaken his miserable little bones, and thrown him into a weeping, cowardly heap on the floor. But as I looked his gaze came round to me, and, behold, it was only the feeble, watery eyes behind the gold-rimmed spectacles that I saw

With a bow to the Princess Alix I proceeded on my way to give my report to her brother.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

IX—From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago, to his son, Pierrepont, care of Graham & Co.'s brokers, Atlanta, Georgia. Following the old man's suggestion, the young man has rounded out the honeymoon into a harvest moon, and is sending in some very satisfactory orders to the house.

Copyright, 1904, by George Horace Lorimer. Copyright in Great Britain

CHICAGO, February 1, 189—.

Dear Pierrepont: Judging from the way the orders are coming in, I reckon that you must be lavishing a little of your surplus ardor on the trade. So long as you are in such good practice, and can look a customer in the eye and make him believe that he's the only buyer you ever really loved, you'd better not hurry home too fast. I reckon Helen won't miss you for a few hours every day, but even if she should, it's a mighty nice thing to be missed, and she's right there where you can tell her every night that you love her just the same; while the only way in which you can express your unchanged affection for the house is by sending us lots of orders. If you do that you needn't bother to write and send us lots of love.

The average buyer is a good deal like the heiress to a million dollars who's been on the market for eight or ten years, not because there's no demand for her, but because there's too much. Most girls, whose capital of good looks is only moderate, marry, and marry young, because they're like a fellow on 'Change who's scalping the market—not inclined to take chances and always ready to make a quick turn. Old maids are usually the girls who were so homely that they never had an offer, or so good-looking that they carried their matrimonial corner from one option to another till the new crop came along and bust them. But a girl with a million dollars isn't a speculative venture. She can advertise for sealed proposals on her fiftieth birthday and be oversubscribed like an issue of ten per cent. Government bonds. There's no closed season on heiresses, and, naturally, a bird that can't stick its head up without getting shot at becomes a pretty wary old fowl.

SCARED HER HALF TO DEATH

A buyer is like your heiress—he always has a lot of nice young drummers flirting and fooling around him, but mighty few of them are so much in earnest that they can convince him that their only chance for happiness lies in securing his particular order. But you let one of these dead-in-earnest boys happen along, and the first thing you know he's persuaded the heiress that he loves her for herself alone or has eloped from town with an order for a carload of lard

A lot of young men start off in business with an idea that they must arm themselves with the same sort of weapons that their competitors carry. There's nothing in it. Fighting the devil with fire is all foolishness, because that's the one weapon with which he's more expert than any one else. I usually find that it's pretty good policy to oppose suspicion with candor, foxiness with openness, indifference with earnestness. When you deal squarely with a crooked man you scare him to death, because he thinks you're springing some new and extra deep game on him.

A fellow who's subject to cramps and chills has no business in the water, but if you start to go in swimming go in all over. Don't be one of those chappies who prance along the beach, shivering and showing their skinny shapes, and then dabble their feet in the surf, pour a little sand in their hair, and think they've had a bath.

You mustn't forget, though, that it's just as important to know when to come out as when to dive in. I mention this because yesterday some one who'd run across you at Yamassee told me that you and Helen were exchanging the grip of the third degree under the breakfast-table, and trying to eat your eggs with your left hands. Of course, this is all very right and proper if you can keep it up, but I've known a good many men who would kiss their wives on the honeymoon between swallows of coffee and look like an ass a year later when she chirruped out at the breakfast-table, "Do you love me, darling?" I'm just a little afraid that you're one of those fellows who wants to hold his wife in his lap during the first six months of his married life, and who, when she asks him at the end of a year if he loves her, answers, "Sure." I may be wrong about this, but I've noticed a tendency on your part to slop over a little, and a pail that slops over soon empties itself.

It's been my experience that most women try to prove their love by talking about it and most men by spending money. But when a pocketbook or a mouth is opened too often nothing but trouble is left in it.

Don't forget the little attentions due your wife, but don't hurt the grocer's feelings or treat the milkman with silent contempt in order to give them to her. You can hock your overcoat before marriage to buy violets for a girl, but when she has the run of your wardrobe you can't slap your chest and explain that you stopped wearing it because you're so warm-blooded. A sensible woman soon begins to understand that affection can be expressed in porterhouse steaks as well as in American beauties. But when Charlie, on twenty-five a week, marries a fool, she pouts and says that he doesn't love her just the same because he takes her to the theatre now in the street cars instead of in a carriage, as he used to before they were married. As a matter of fact, this doesn't show that she's losing Charlie's love, but that he's getting his senses back. No man can really attend to business properly when he's chased to the office every morning by a crowd of infuriated florists and liverymen.

Of course, after a girl has spent a year of evenings listening to a fellow tell her that his great ambition is to make her life one grand, sweet song, it jars her to find the orchestra grunting and snoring over the sporting extra some night along six months after the ceremony. She stays awake and cries a little over this, so when he sees her across the liver and bacon at breakfast he forgets that he's never told her before that she could look like anything but an angel, and asks: "Gee, Mame, what makes your nose so red?" And that's the place where a young couple begins to adjust itself to life as it's lived on Michigan Avenue instead of in the story-books.

There's no rule for getting through the next six months without going back to mamma except for the Brute to be as kind as he knows how to be and the Angel as forgiving as she can be. But at the end of that time a boy and girl with the right kind of stuff in them have been graduated into a man and a woman. It's only calf love that's always bellering about it. When love is full grown it has few words, and sometimes it growls them out.

I remember, when I was a youngster, hearing old Mrs. Hoover tell of the trip she took with the Doc. just after they were married. Even as a young fellow the Doc. was a great exhorter. Knew more Scripture when he was sixteen than the presiding elder. Couldn't open his mouth without losing a verse. Would lose a chapter when he yawned.

Well, when Doc. was about twenty-five he fell in love with a mighty sweet young girl, Leila Hardin, whom every one said was too frivolous for him. But the Doc. only answered that it was his duty to marry her to bring her under Christian influences, and they set off down the river to New Orleans on their honeymoon.

Mrs. Hoover used to say that he hardly spoke to her on the trip. Sat around in a daze, scowling and rolling his eyes, or charged up and down the deck swinging his arms and muttering to himself. Scared her half to death, and she spent all her time crying when he wasn't around. Thought he didn't love her any more, and it wasn't till the first Sunday after she got home that she discovered what had ailed him. Seemed that in the exaltation produced by his happiness at having got her he'd been composing a masterpiece, his famous

BUYING HAND-PAINTED PICTURES

sermon on the Horrors of Hell, that scared half of Pike County into the fold, and popularized dominoes with penny points as a substitute for dollar-limit draw poker among those that it didn't quite fetch.

Curious old cuss, the Doc. Found his wife played the piano pretty medium rotten, so when he wanted to work himself into a rage about something he'd sit down in the parlor and make her pound out The Maiden's Prayer

It's a mighty lucky thing that the Lord makes the matches instead of the neighbors, because Doc.'s friends would have married him to Deacon Dody's daughter, who was so chuck full of good works that there was no room inside her for a heart. She afterward eloped with a St. Louis drummer, and before he divorced her she'd become the best lady poker player in the State of Missouri. But with Leila and the Doc. it was a case of give-and-take from the start—that is, as is usual with a good many married folks, she'd give and he'd take. There never was a better minister's wife, and when you've said that you've said the last word about good wives and begun talking about martyrs, because after a minister's wife has pleased her husband she's got to please the rest of the church.

I simply mention Doc.'s honeymoon, in passing, as an example of the fact that two people can start out in life without anything in common apparently, except a desire to make each other happy, and with that as a platform to meet on keep coming closer and closer together until they find that they have everything in common. It isn't always the case, of course, but then it's happened pretty often that before I entered the room where an engaged couple was sitting I've had to cough or whistle to give them a chance to break away; and that after they were married I've had to keep right on coughing or whistling for the same couple to give them time to stop quarreling.

There are mighty few young people who go into marriage with any real idea of what it means. They get their notion of it from among the clouds where they live while they are engaged, and, naturally, about all they find up there is wind and moonshine; or from novels, which always end just before the real trouble begins, or if they keep on, leave out the chapters that deal with how the husband finds the rent and the wife the hired girls. But if there's one thing in the world about which it's possible to get all the facts, it's matrimony. Part of them are right in the house where you were born, and the neighbors have the rest.

It's been my experience that you've got to have leisure to be unhappy. Half the troubles in this world are imaginary, and it takes time to think them up. But it's these oftener than the real troubles that break a young husband's back or a young wife's heart.

A few men and more women can be happy idle when they're single, but once you marry them to each other they've got to find work or they'll find trouble. Everybody's got to raise something in this world, and unless people raise a job, or crops, or children, they'll raise Cain. You can ride three miles on the trolley car to the Stock Yards every morning and find happiness at the end of the trip, but you may chase it all over the world in a steam yacht without catching up with it A woman can find fun from the basement to the nursery of her own house, but give her a license to gad the streets and a bunch of matinée tickets and she'll find discontent. There's always an idle woman or an idle man in every divorce case. When the man earns the bread in the sweat of his brow it's right that the woman should perspire a little baking it.

There's two kinds of discontent in this world—the discontent that works and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success; and there's no cure at all for the second, especially if a woman has it; for she doesn't know what she wants, and so you can't give it to her.

Happiness is like salvation—a state of grace that makes you enjoy the good things you've got and keep reaching out for better ones in the hereafter. And home isn't what's around you, but what's inside you.

I had a pretty good illustration of this whole thing some years ago when a foolish old uncle died and left my cellar boss, Mike Shaughnessy, a million dollars. I didn't bother about it particularly, for he'd always been a pretty level-headed old Mick, and I supposed that he'd put the money in pickle and keep right along at his job. But one morning, when he came rooting and grunting into my office in a sort of casual way, trying to keep a plug hat from falling off the back of his head, I knew that he was going to fly the track. Started in to tell me that his extensive property interests demanded all his attention now, but I cut it short with:

"Mike, you've been a blamed good cellar boss, but you're going to make a blamed bad millionaire. Think it over."

Well, sir, I'm hanged if that fellow, whom I'd raised from the time he was old enough to poke a barrel along the runways with a pointed stick, didn't blow a cloud of cigar smoke in my face to show that he was just as big as I was, and start right in to regularly cuss me out. But he didn't get very far. I just looked at him the way I used to when I would call him up on the carpet to ask why we were getting so many claims from the South for soured short ribs, and said sudden, "Git, you Mick," and he wilted back out of the office just as easy as if he hadn't had ten cents.

I heard of him off and on for the next year, putting up a house on Michigan Avenue, buying hand-painted pictures by the square foot and paying for them by the square inch, for his wife had decided that they must occupy their proper station in society, and generally building up a mighty high rating as a good thing.

As you know, I keep a pretty close eye on the packing house, but on account of my rheumatism I don't often go through the cellars. But along about this time we began to get so many complaints about our dry salt meats that I decided to have a little peek at our stock for myself, and check up the new cellar boss. I made for him and his gang first, and I was mightily pleased as I came upon him without his seeing me to notice

(Concluded on Page 16)

EXCHANGING THE GRIP OF THE THIRD DEGREE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The bucket-shop holds many gallons of trouble.

¶ Every dog has his day, but the nights belong to the cat.

¶ Monotony is what is found by those who seek sensations.

¶ Some people fancy they can purify an unclean dollar by banking it.

¶ The American pocketbook never has seasickness on the return voyage.

¶ People who do not go to church in winter are great critics when the churches are closed in summer.

The Gospel of Achievement

FROM the always interesting and sometimes instructive Empire State have come recently two notable instances of the effective force of public opinion. A seemingly shameless majority of the Legislature and a great corporation have been compelled by the power of public opinion to assist in the campaign against common gambling.

There is no more virtue in New York than in any other city or State—some there are who think there is less—and what New York can do ought to be within the grasp of every community.

The majority of people are honest and want honest laws honestly administered. But the majority are indifferent; and passive virtue is of little worth in the moral growth of a community. What is needed are the earnestness and force that do things, not merely hold convictions about them. It was the practical apostle, St. James, who said, "Faith without works is dead." Look about you in your own town and you will find that it takes its measure from one earnest, forceful man. He may be an upright citizen, powerful for good; or he may be a dishonest boss of a corrupt machine. But he is a man of force, always. The righteousness of a community, preponderant though it may be, is of real use only when it is dynamic, not potential; and public opinion is its expression.

Smash Him!

SOMETHING—something drastic, something swift—must be done about the mosquito.

Throughout the country—that is, wherever there are streams, wherever there is damp ground—these abominations are to be found, poisoning the system with disease, poisoning the mind with furious thoughts when calm or rapture should be there, poisoning the speech with unseemly language. The plague descends upon the rural and semi-rural districts with the first flush of the warm weather; it abates not until the air is once more cold—not chill, but cold. It is said that in some parts of Jersey the opportunity for winter feeding has bred a winter mosquito.

It is unlike the American people to bow to this petty but pestiferous tyranny. It is ridiculous that nothing is done beyond a little oil-squirting.

One or the other of the great political parties should put in its platform this summer a pledge to appoint a Secretary of Agriculture who would really deal with this mosquito issue. It certainly could not result in less than the "trust-busting" planks and pledges.

Individualist and Socialist

THERE is a chance in American society for both the individualist and the socialist. The individualist represents the power of initiative; the socialist the power of combination. The individual stands for personal responsibility; the socialist for the sharing of rights and the division of duties. The individualist embodies effectiveness, results being achieved swiftly and narrowly; the socialist, comprehensiveness in a large sense of relations. The peril of the individualist is the peril of self-consciousness—causes, processes, methods and motives becoming egoistic; the peril of the socialist is the danger of sacrificing direct and definite results for vague advantages. The peril of the individualist is the peril of a too great centripetal tendency; the peril of the socialist the peril of too great centrifugal.

Both individualists and socialists are to dwell together in American society, to work together, and together to achieve the best result, each with the other to cooperate.

School and Taxes

THE great cities seem unable to offer to their children accommodations sufficient for their education. Children grow faster than do the abilities for furnishing schoolhouses for them. At the beginning of every school year, from each of the great cities comes up the common report of the hiring of storerooms, basements and private houses for the purpose of housing the school-children. Boston is two years behind in offering proper accommodations to its school population: some other cities a longer time.

The appreciation on the part of the American people of the worth of its common-school system is constantly increasing. But the appreciation is not so full or the support so enthusiastic as it should be. But, on the whole, citizens feel less reluctance for taxing themselves for building schoolhouses than for most public improvements.

Unpaid Public Service

THE people are inclined to forget the vastness of the unpaid service which many men and women give in the form of time and wisdom to public affairs. The management of hospitals, of colleges and universities, the administration of Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, the care of homes for orphans and for waifs, represent endeavors and services which usually are not, and cannot be, recognized by pecuniary payments. Men who command salaries of $10,000 or of $50,000 a year spend no small share of their time and give no small part of their wisdom in the administration of these great social trusts. The service is most generously and graciously offered. The donors of it ask for payment neither in money nor in expressions of thanks. Their compensation lies in the assurance of trying to make the community better.

The Bottomless "Last Ditch"

AT THE beginning of every war the "last ditcher" has the floor on each side. Nobody in either camp admits that his country can possibly be beaten, or can stop short of complete victory. There may be reverses, but the unconquerable nation will rise above them with unshaken fortitude, ready to spend its last drop of blood and its last dollar, pound, franc, mark, lira, peseta, ruble or yen, as the case may be, to dictate terms in the capital of its humbled foe. If these resolutions were literally fulfilled no war would ever end short of the complete extermination of one side or the other. Yet we find that all wars do end sooner or later, with enough of the beaten party left alive to draw pensions.

Just now it is the Russians who are most emphatic in their assurances that the disturbance in the East must end their way or not at all. According to Mr. Henry Norman, who has been talking to the Czar about it, Russia intends "to win the fight at whatever cost of blood and money, at whatsoever prolongation of the combat." She will "fight on as she did a hundred years ago against the first Napoleon, if necessary will burn another Moscow, or make equivalent sacrifice."

Apparently the Russians cherish the delusion that in the Moscow campaign their ancestors carried on a desperate, last-ditch fight against Napoleon. The truth is that on that occasion the staying powers of the Russians were hardly tested at all. The Grand Army was in full retreat within four months after the beginning of the war—beaten, not by the enemy, but by the reckless folly of its own commander in sending half a million men into a wilderness without supplies. Yet even that time was long enough to develop a very powerful pressure upon the Czar to make peace—a pressure that might have been successful but for the opposition of foreign advisers. Meanwhile, Moscow, a town smaller than Milwaukee is now, was burned. It was an act of patriotic devotion on the part of somebody, although not, perhaps, as a rule, on the part of the owners of the houses that were destroyed.

Of course, Russia might have spent her last drop of blood to beat Napoleon if it had been necessary, but there is nothing in the events of this four months' campaign to prove it. This was not the first Russian war against Napoleon, and peace had fluttered down previously with a few drops of blood and a few copecks still remaining. By the time the present match with Japan has lasted four years, like our Civil War, or for seven, like our Revolution, or for eighty, like the struggle of the Dutch against Spain, we shall be better able to tell whether Russia's determination to dictate peace in Tokyo is as inflexible as she thinks it is.

The Wages of Benevolence

IT WOULD be interesting—and it might be disagreeably surprising—to know how many of the almost fifteen million families in the United States are in receipt of public or private pensions or other form of relief. Never was there so prodigal a people as ours—probably because there never before was one so prosperous; and the Government's pension roll of a million is only the most conspicuous instance of this prodigality. Is there any one in the country with an income of five thousand a year or more who does not "give away" part of it? Is there a single millionaire without his half a dozen to half a hundred families wholly or in part dependent upon him?

The hardest way in the world to do good is by refraining from pauper-making if you have anything to give; and we Americans are not so easy giving in most matters that we seek or follow the hard ways of being and doing good, especially if we have a plausible excuse for keeping to the smooth way—such an excuse as exists in the case of "benevolence." Still, the fact remains that few vices compare with benevolence in net proceeds of mischief.

The Modern Gentleman

IN SOME of our earliest immigration records the more favored arrivals were designated as "gentlemen." For instance, one cargo of colonists comprised a score of "gentlemen" and several hundred laboring men and handicraftsmen. It is true that historians have added a descriptive word to the selected class and called them "gentlemen adventurers," but the idea of superiority still endures; and in this age of genealogical research a familiar tragedy is the experience of a proud son or a haughty dame going back through the centuries and striking as a lineal ancestor a plain handicraftsman instead of a duly authenticated "gentleman." There is no cover for that kind of disappointment except a coat-of-arms—which need not be historical if it be safe.

In these days the designation of "gentleman" is formally used in Great Britain, but in America there has been a gradual disappearance of its ancient employment. The other day the scion of a family that had won wealth and kept it was on the witness stand. He gave his occupation as "gentleman." It was understood, of course, but the attorney for the other side was no respecter of terms or of persons. He asked bluntly what the witness meant by "gentleman." There was an awkward quarter of an hour, and in the end the witness, by that time red with discomfiture, declared that a gentleman was a person of education who did not have to work for his living.

Nothing kills so swiftly as ridicule or absurdity. This accounts for the gradual elimination of "gentleman" as a definition for directories or official certificates. And—shall we call it the sarcasm of fate?—the word that takes the place of "gentleman" in these practical but unromantic chronicles is "capitalist."

But while we smile let us remember that we have not removed the gentleman from our social category. Rather have we given to the word a better significance. We can even surmise that there were more real gentlemen among the handicraftsmen than among the favored twenty who alone bore the appellation. Certainly, history has shown who became the freemen and who did the great work of liberty and nation building.

After all, there is really no new idea of the gentleman. It is as ancient as the hills. "Though all the honors of thy line bedeck thy halls, believe me, virtue alone is true nobility," said old Juvenal. "Oh, give me inborn worth! If thou really merit the character of blameless integrity, of staunch love of justice both in words and deeds, then I recognize thy right to be esteemed a gentleman."

A Senator of Two Republics

By G. G. VEST

Ex-Senator from Missouri

L. Q. C. LAMAR

L. Q. C. LAMAR

THE Lamar family of Georgia, to which belonged the late Justice Lamar, was of French Huguenot lineage, and had the highly nervous and emotional temperament of their ancestors. John Lamar, the grandfather of Justice Lamar, was a prosperous planter in Putnam County, Georgia, where he reared a large family, all of whom, both male and female, were of unblemished character and greatly beloved in the communities where they resided. John Lamar was a man of strong intellect and high character, and his influence was always exercised for what he believed to be the best interests of his fellowmen. His brother, Zachariah Lamar, who was an old bachelor and devoted to books, especially to biography and history, lived with him and was considered the highest authority as to all literary questions. He was by common consent given the prerogative of naming each of his nephews, and this privilege seems to have been exercised with reference to the historic reading in which the uncle might be engaged at the time—the names given to his newborn nephews being those of the distinguished persons in whose lives and achievements he was then interested. As a result of this custom the sons of his brother were called, in the order of seniority, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, Mirabeau Buonaparte, Jefferson Jackson and Thomas Randolph.

The father of Justice Lamar, after whom he was named, ranked among the most eminent jurists of Georgia, but while Judge of the Circuit Court, and with the prospect before him of an illustrious career, he met death by his own hand on July 4, 1834, when suffering from nervous prostration—the most terrible malady that afflicts the human race. He was only thirty-seven years old, and his horizon, both in public and private life, was without a cloud. Although scarcely arrived at middle age he was already known throughout Georgia as a great judge, and his death shocked all classes and caused universal sorrow. Justice Lamar was at the time nine years old, and it can be easily imagined what the effect of this event had upon an intelligent, affectionate son, peculiarly susceptible and sensitive. It cast a shadow over his whole life and made many persons think him a dreamer, given up to moody and even morose thought, when in fact he was in every respect one of the most practical and efficient men I have ever known. With what heroism and supreme courage he met the duties and responsibilities of his great career while constantly threatened with nervous disease, which came to him by inheritance and from which there was no escape, could only be known to himself.

Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, between whom and his nephew, Justice Lamar, there existed the greatest affection and sympathy, was a man of wonderful talent, being distinguished as an editor, lawyer, legislator, soldier and poet. After editing for some years at Macon, Georgia, a newspaper devoted to the doctrines of Mr. Calhoun, he removed in 1835 to Texas, where, after serving with great distinction in the struggle for independence, he was made Attorney-General, Secretary of War, Vice-President and President of the new republic. He served also in the war between the United States and Mexico, and in 1857 was appointed by President Buchanan minister to the Argentine Republic, and in 1858 minister to Costa Rica and Nicaragua. He was an early and earnest advocate for Texan independence, and did more to secure large grants of public lands for common-school education in the new republic than any one else. The curse of nervous disease was always with him, and in 1859 he died by his own hand

After the death of his father, the mother of Justice Lamar, a most intellectual and accomplished Southern lady, carefully superintended his education, and after passing through college he studied law and practiced for some time in Georgia, where he married the daughter of Judge James Longstreet, a lawyer of eminence, who in middle life abandoned the legal profession and became a minister of the Southern Methodist Church and president of the University of Mississippi at Oxford, in that State. About 1849 Justice Lamar was induced by his father-in-law to remove with his family to Oxford, Mississippi, where he engaged in the practice of his profession and was also adjunct professor in the university. In 1850 he was engaged in a joint debate with the Honorable Henry S. Foote, United States Senator from Mississippi, who had refused to obey the instructions of the State Legislature to vote against what was known as the Compromise Bill, championed by Mr. Clay, and which admitted California into the Union as a free State. Jefferson Davis, the colleague of Mr. Foote, obeyed the instructions, but Foote refused to do so, and appealed to the people of Mississippi for an indorsement of his course. He made an appointment to speak at Oxford, and as Mr. Davis was prevented by sickness from meeting him, the opponents of the Compromise Bill requested Lamar to answer Mr. Foote, which he consented to do. Apparently the contest was an unequal one, Senator Foote being an eloquent, aggressive and experienced debater, while Lamar had a local reputation and was only twenty-six years old, with all the odds against him. The young professor, however, conducted his side of the debate with such eloquence and ability that his adherents bore him in triumph through the streets of Oxford on their shoulders after the discussion ended, and from that time on he was known throughout Mississippi as a possible candidate for the highest honors in political life. It is a singular fact that the principal point made by Lamar against Foote in this debate was the refusal of the latter to obey the instructions of his State Legislature, and no one could have foreseen that thirty years afterward Lamar would canvass Mississippi in defense of his refusal to obey the instructions of the Mississippi Legislature to vote for the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

There has been much diversity of opinion among public men as to what should be done by a United States Senator when instructed by his State Legislature to give his vote for or against a measure pending before the Senate. There is very high authority upon both sides of this question, but I have no doubt myself that a Senator should obey instructions where he believes the proposed legislation to be constitutional and involving only an issue of expediency or policy. I had occasion some years ago to determine this matter, as the Missouri House of Representatives instructed me to vote for an anti-option bill which had passed that body by a large majority but was believed by me to be unconstitutional. All my sympathies and opinions as to the object of the bill pending before the Legislature were favorable to the measure, but I had no doubt about its violating the Federal Constitution, which I had sworn to support, and I declined to disregard my oath in order to meet the wishes of my constituents. All sorts of false and malicious insinuations and charges were made against me by reason of my determination, and it was even asserted that I was interested personally in option dealing, when I had never bought or sold a bushel of grain in my life nor had any interest in any exchange or institution conducting such business. After hearing my statement the Missouri House of Representatives reconsidered its action, and I was left to vote according to my own judgment.

His Service for Two Governments

AFTER serving in the Georgia and Mississippi Legislatures Mr. Lamar was elected from the latter State to the National House of Representatives as a member of the Thirty-fifth Congress, and served in that body until 1861, when he resigned and became a member of the secession convention of Mississippi, where he voted for the withdrawal of his State from the Union. Mr. Lamar, like all his family, was an intense pro-slavery man, and made no apology for the institution. Mr. Blaine, in his Autobiography of Twenty Years, says that Lamar reluctantly voted for secession, but this is a mistake. He was a sincere believer in the doctrines of John C. Calhoun, and had no doubt about the right of both nullification and secession. He thought that African slavery was an instrumentality for the civilizing and Christianizing of the savage tribes of Africa, and that the slave-owners of the South constituted the conservative element in this country, upon which rested all hope for constitutional government. In a speech delivered by him in the House of Representatives before the war he said in reply to Mr. Ferry, of Connecticut, that if African slavery was a covenant with death and leagued with hell it was equally sinful and criminal under the Jewish theocracy, when the patriarchs and prophets, acting directly under Divine command, were slave-holders. He also reminded Mr. Ferry that St. Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, advised slaves to be faithful to their owners, and wrote approvingly of the fugitive slave law under whose provisions slave property could be returned to the owner.

At the commencement of the Civil War Mr. Lamar, after serving as a member of the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, Alabama, entered the Confederate Army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi Infantry and served gallantly until July, 1862, when he was attacked by vertigo while reviewing his regiment, and was compelled to resign his commission. He was sent by President Davis on a diplomatic mission to France, but failed to accomplish anything in the way of securing recognition by that government of the Confederacy, and returned about the close of the war to Mississippi, prepared to share the fortunes of his people, for whom he had the gravest apprehensions.

He was elected to the National House of Representatives as a member of the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, and in 1874 delivered in the House his oration on Charles Sumner, which is worthy of a place among the greatest orations of ancient or modern times. It was the beginning of a new era in the public sentiment of our whole country, and touched the hearts of the American people as no other speech has ever done. Mr. Lamar was not one of those pessimistic Southern statesmen who abandoned all hope at the close of the Civil War and contented themselves with repining over the result and abusing the Northern people. He saw that the only hope for both the South and North was restoration of confidence between the sections, and that until this came about general prosperity for the whole country was impossible. His great soul was moved by the attempt of Mr. Sumner to destroy the battleflags of the war and let the dead past bury its dead. He expressed his regret that he had not gone to Mr. Sumner when living and offered him his hand and with it his heart, and closed his great oration with those memorable words, "My countrymen, know one another and you will love one another."

Mr. Lamar entered the United States Senate in 1877 and served in that body until March, 1885. When I entered the Senate in the spring of 1879 he was suffering from a succession of nervous attacks, which depressed him greatly and caused him to take little interest in public business. He delivered only one prepared speech during the time I served with him, and that was upon the McKinley tariff. He would occasionally make a great exertion when the emergency demanded it and participate in debate, but this was rarely the case, and it was obvious that he lived in constant apprehension of complete paralysis. His fame as a debater had been fully established by his career in the House when the South had needed more than ever before a champion, the great orators of that section being dead or hopeless exiles from the halls of Congress in which their eloquence had once been heard.

The Famous Conkling Episode

A GREAT deal has been said and written about Lamar's collision with Conkling in 1879, and, among other things, it has been asserted that up to that time and even afterward there was no personal ill-feeling between the two men. This is a mistake. It was impossible for Lamar and Conkling to be personal friends. They were entirely unlike in every respect except that both were men of unquestionable ability. Conkling systematically treated all but a very few of his colleagues with arrogance or contemptuous indifference, and he was especially inimical to Bayard, Lamar, Gordon, Butler, of South Carolina, and Hampton, all of whom were high-spirited and chivalrous gentlemen, courteous to others and demanding courteous treatment for themselves.

Besides this, an all-night session, with loss of sleep and acrimonious debate, had created much irritation on both sides of the chamber, and the air was charged with electricity which required only a spark to create an explosion. At six o'clock in the morning Conkling moved an adjournment, and when this was resisted by the Democrats he accused Lamar and

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of Senator Vest's personal recollections

We Do Not Keep Ready-Made Suits

Have NEVER Kept Them.

EVERY garment we make is cut to fit the person who orders it from the materials she selects, with the special linings and trimmings of her choice

Individuality in dress is essential to every well-gowned woman. You secure this in ordering from us, no matter where you live. You take no risk whatever We guarantee to fit you—not **nearly** fit you—or **almost** fit you—but fit you to your own satisfaction, you to be the judge. If what you receive is not to your liking, you may send it back promptly and your money will be instantly and cheerfully refunded. Why, then, hesitate to order?

You now have an exceptional opportunity to test our methods and our system, because we are closing out our Summer goods to make room for new Fall materials, which will begin to arrive shortly. We will, for a few weeks only, make any garment in our catalogue, from any of our materials, at **one-fourth less than Catalogue prices.**

$10.00	**Suits now**	**$ 7.50**	**$ 5.00**	**Skirts now**	**$ 3.75**
20.00	" "	15.00	8.00	" "	6.00
30.00	" "	22.50	12.00	" "	9.00
40.00	" "	30.00	20.00	" "	15.00

Prices also Reduced on Jackets, Travelling Suits, Rain Coats, etc. We Prepay Express Charges to Any Part of the United States.

Samples of materials and Catalogue No. 51 will be sent FREE by return mail to any part of the United States. If you will give us an idea of the colors you prefer, we will send you samples of exactly what you wish

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City.
Mail Orders Only. *No Branches or Agents*

Declaration of Independence

We, the wearers of trousers, do now declare ourselves forever free and independent of the tyranny of the trouserous and uncomely suspender-button; and we hereby make avowal of our everlasting allegiance to our deliverer, the

BUTTONLESS SUSPENDER.

Don't you want to be a subscriber to this new Declaration of Independence? The [illegible] suspenders—no buttons, no [illegible], just little nickel-plated clasps. Can't slip. Won't tear.

Best summer suspender, because worn back out of sight

50c a pair—all dealers.

If your dealer won't supply the "Buttonless," send 50 cents for sample pair, to—

The Buttonless Suspender Co.
West St., Bloomsburg, Pa.

Write for booklet *Agents wanted*

MAKE YOUR SHOES LOOK NEW

AMERICAN Adjustable SHOE TREES

For Well Dressed MEN and WOMEN

(Patented)

Note screw adjustment while in shoe

Retails 50 Cts. Per Pair, at all Leading Shoe Stores

ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS

Sent prepaid to any address, 60c per pair, or two pair, $1.00. Send for Booklet.

American Hardware Mfg. Co. Dept. D Ottawa, Ill.

Get "RID-OF-UM"

Clear the premises of **ROACHES AND WATERBUGS.**

Our insect trap does it without using poisons. Send 25c for sample 5 for $1.00. AGENTS WANTED

BURGESS BOX CO., 44 Harrison Ave., Springfield, Mass.

other Democratic Senators with having violated their agreement not to resist his motion, and to this Lamar replied that the statement was false and he should treat it with the same contempt that he entertained for its author. Conkling answered very coolly that if the Senator from Mississippi meant to charge him with a falsehood he would, but for the rules of the Senate, pronounce him a blackguard, liar and coward; and Lamar retorted that he had meant to charge the New York Senator with falsehood and that his words were such as no good man could deserve and no brave man would wear. This closed the episode as between Conkling and Lamar, but the fight between Conkling and Blaine still raged fiercely on the Republican side of the Senate, and was not ended until Garfield was nominated at Chicago. Conkling was determined that Blaine should not be nominated for the Presidency, and Blaine was equally determined that Grant should not be nominated for a third term

Lamar was not a malicious nor vindictive man. He was nervous, excitable and an extremist in many of his opinions, but he had a keen sense of humor, and often related, with much enjoyment, his experience in canvassing Mississippi during the reconstruction period when endeavoring to capture the negro vote for the Democratic party.

It seemed that a certain Colonel Jones, who was a very fluent and plausible speaker, had located at Oxford, Lamar's old home, and was busily engaged in teaching the credulous negroes that the defeat of the Republican party meant the restoration of slavery. When Lamar spoke at Oxford many of his former slaves were in the audience, and he began his address by saying that Colonel Jones, their new friend, had declared that a negro was no more qualified to vote than a mule. A stalwart African in the audience shouted in reply that a negro had no more chance to have his vote counted than if he was a mule. This rather disconcerted Lamar, but he pulled himself together and concluded his speech by a pathetic appeal to a venerable negro on the front bench who had formerly belonged to his family and was the acknowledged leader of his race in that county. "Uncle Peter," said Lamar, "you have known me since my childhood. You taught me how to ride, shoot, swim, fish, and we have often hunted coons and 'possums together when I was a boy. Now, suppose you wanted to send a bale of cotton down to Yazoo City to be sold, and this carpetbagger, Colonel Jones, whom you have known but a few months, and myself were going down on the boat. Would you choose him or me to sell that bale of cotton for you and bring back the money?" Uncle Peter, who had been nodding during some parts of the speech, replied, with a fearful yawn, "Well, I think that I should trust the bale of cotton to Jones."

Nothing was more admirable in the character of Lamar than his chivalrous devotion to the Southern cause after it was lost. When a bill was pending in the Senate in 1878 to pension the soldiers of the Mexican War Senator Hoar offered an amendment excluding Jefferson Davis from its provisions, and Lamar's reply will never be forgotten by those who can appreciate the highest order of parliamentary repartee. Senator Hoar in his speech had denounced Davis as an unrepentant traitor, and Lamar answered him as follows:

"Sir, it required no courage to do that; it required no magnanimity to do it; it required no courtesy. It only required hate, bitter, malignant, sectional feeling, and a sense of personal impunity. The gentleman, I believe, takes rank among Christian statesmen. He might have learned a better lesson even from the pages of mythology. When Prometheus was bound to the rock it was not an eagle—it was a vulture—that buried his beak in the tortured vitals of the victim."

In 1885 President Cleveland appointed Lamar Secretary of the Interior, and in 1887 named him as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

On the day after I had read in the morning papers that Lamar had been appointed Associate Justice, I called upon him on a matter of routine business, and, having transacted it, started to leave the room, when he requested me to resume my seat, as he wished to consult me on a matter personal to himself. He commenced the conversation by saying that he presumed I had learned of his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court, and asked me what I thought of it.

I told him frankly that I was sorry he had mentioned the matter, because I was afraid my reply would not be an agreeable one. He answered that he knew that I would give him my honest opinion, and that was all he wanted. I then said to him that he knew me to be his warm friend and it would be impossible for me to deal with him in any other than the frankest manner. I told him that I considered his appointment a most unfortunate one for himself and that, if in President Cleveland's place, I should never have made it. I said to him, "You ought never, in my opinion, to have left the Senate, but your administration of the Interior Department has been in every way commendable As Secretary of the Interior you have been practically supreme, there being no appeal from your decision except to the President, and it is only in very rare instances that such an appeal is made. You are now sixty-two years old, and your health is very precarious. You have not been engaged in the practice of law for more than fifteen years and have not been even enrolled as a member of the Supreme Court bar. The law is, as you know, a jealous mistress, and when you take your seat on the Supreme Bench you will find yourself associated with old, experienced judges, familiar with precedents, and able to dispose of many cases without much exertion. I know you well enough to be certain that you will do your share of the necessary work at the risk of your health and life, and of your ability and integrity there cannot be the slightest doubt. I know that many lawyers who have cases in the Supreme Court, or who expect to have them there, will endeavor to gain your good opinion by urging you to accept the appointment, but though I have cases before the court myself, I am too sincerely your friend to withhold my honest opinion." I further stated to him that I had not talked with the President and did not propose to do so, but I said in conclusion, "If you accept the place, Lamar, as you seem inclined to do, I will, as a member of the Judiciary Committee and as a Senator, do everything in my power to have the appointment confirmed. My personal relations are such with several Republican Senators that I can approach them on the subject without impropriety, and I shall certainly do so in your behalf." He said, with a pleasant smile, that he was obliged to me for my frankness, but should take care to decide all my cases against me after he had taken his seat on the bench.

Lamar's appointment as Associate Justice was confirmed by the Senate, and my apprehensions as to the result were unfortunately realized. In 1890, after about two years' service on the bench, his health failed, and from that time on he was practically unable to perform his share of the necessary labor imposed on every member of the court. In his biography, prepared by his son-in-law, Mr. Mayes, it is stated that Justice Lamar went to Doctor Pepper, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, for an examination of his condition, and in a written report Doctor Pepper stated that his patient was suffering from a disorder of the arterial system and also from kidney trouble, his condition being made much worse by overwork on the bench.

I was sincerely attached to Justice Lamar, and greatly admired his genius and many lovable attributes. He had more personal magnetism than any man I have ever known, and could exercise almost hypnotic influence over all with whom he came in contact. He seemed to be a living battery, and rugged men not suspected of sentimentalism in the slightest degree came completely under his influence. In the biography prepared by his son-in-law, to which I have alluded, there is a letter from Henry Grady to Lamar in which the statement is made that, about the time Lamar was appointed to the Supreme Bench, President Cleveland had told Grady, in speaking of the appointment, that he had made it without consulting any one and because he knew that it was impossible for Lamar to decide any question improperly. "His mental and moral make-up is such," said the President, "that it is impossible for him to decide any question erroneously."

Lamar's fame must rest upon his two orations, the one on Sumner and the other on John C. Calhoun. The latter was delivered with but a few days' preparation, and is a masterly exposition of the doctrines and opinions of the great South Carolina statesman. The oration on Sumner contains much more sentiment and is entirely different, but both are worthy of the highest place as specimens of elevated and splendid oratory.

With the people of the South the memory of Lamar will always be sacred, for not one of her devoted sons could say more truthfully to them:

"Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

No More Tack Troubles

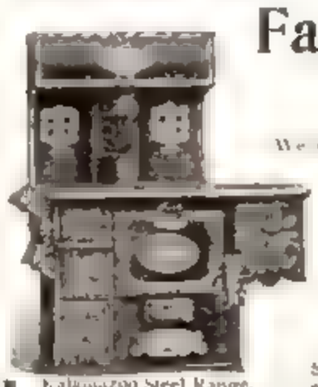
The Miseries of Carpet Laying are Things of the Past for Users of the new Double Headed Tacks.

Easy to drive, easy to draw

[illegible]

It is the most important [illegible] recent years. No more holes in carpets per[illegible] of fingers. A five-year-old child can draw this tack with ease. Heads never break off. No [illegible] head. **Save Tacks, Time, Temper and Carpet.** Made of best Swedes iron and [illegible] rust proof. **They cost no more than ordinary tacks.** Ask your dealer and insist on getting them. Fully patented. There is no substitute. Packages 5 and 10c.

PRITCHARD MFG. CO.
Novelty Makers to the American People.
199 Main St., West **Rochester, N. Y.**
Of your dealer, or send 5c. and dealer's name for sample package.



Factory Prices

We ship direct to the user from our own factory on

360 Days Approval

Saving you all dealers' and middlemen's profits. We pay the freight and guarantee satisfaction under $20,000 bond

Kalamazoo Steel Range.

Kalamazoo

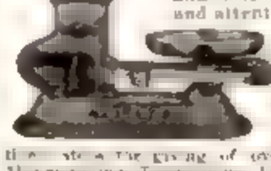
Stoves and Ranges

both steel and cast iron, new patterns, large square ovens, guaranteed not to warp. Shipped blacked and [illegible] ready for use. If not satisfactory in every way, send it back and we refund every cent paid us. We are actual **manufacturers,** not simply jobbers—the only [illegible] who sell stoves in the world selling exclusively to the user direct. Send postal for approval offer and catalogue No. 152

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

We fit all our ranges and cook stoves with our patent oven thermometer.

Increase Your Earnings



We are increasing our force of salesmen. We want successful, high grade salesmen, between the ages of 25 and 45, who are now employed and who desire to increase their earnings, and who will give their whole time and attention to this business.

The Toledo Computing Scale [illegible] scale in the world [illegible] where [illegible] it has no [illegible]. It [illegible] is absolutely Accurate and Honest, and is the only scale in the world that positively stops the giving of overweight. It is the greatest Money-saving Time-saving Labor-saving and [illegible] ing device ever invented for the use of the retail storekeeper

Although comparatively new, nearly [illegible] Toledo Scales are now in use giving universal satisfaction. See our exhibit at World's Fair, Liberal Arts building

TOLEDO COMPUTING SCALE CO.
HENRY THEOBALD, Gen. Mgr. Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

"Old Hickory" Lounging Chair $6.00

Just as comfortable as it looks. Made of hickory with natural bark finish. Beautiful rustic and durable. Unexcelled for Porch, Lawn and Outdoor use. Arm rests 7 in. wide, seat 19 in. wide, [illegible] high, [illegible] all over. [illegible] $6.00. Express paid [illegible] Missouri River points. Other points [illegible] Canada, Mexico, Cuba, etc. [illegible] $7.00. If your dealer will not supply you we will write for Message illustrated catalogue FREE

OLD HICKORY CHAIR COMPANY
363 Cherry Street, Martinsville, Ind.

Style No. 66

"The Original Old Hickory Furniture Manufacturers."

See our advertisement in advance of this publication.

INVENTIONS

patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained through us. 30 years' experience. Send for booklet.

PATENT DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF AMERICA
160 Broadway, New York City

Battak Bamboo Settee **$9.00**
No. 12 B, as shown in above cut

This artistic settee of the new Battak Bamboo is covered with finest Jap matting, 34½ inches high, 34½ wide, 14½ wide. Entirely new—seasonable—serviceable. Battak Bamboo also made up in plate racks, book cases, book shelves and music racks. Free sample on request.

Send for catalogue B showing everything in furniture at factory prices. WE PREPAY FREIGHT east of the Mississippi River and make allowance to points beyond.

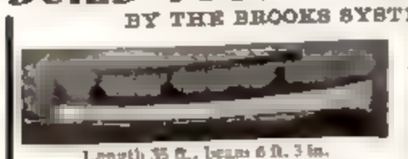
RED CEDAR BOX COUCHES

—the only sure protection against moths and other insects—$14 to $40. Send for illustrated booklet No. C2.

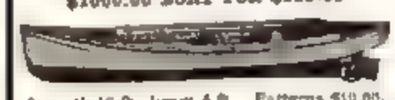
Ask about our Porch and Lawn Furniture.

CRANE FURNITURE CO.
Eliminators of the Dealer's Profits.
Reference: Nat. Bk. of High Point. **High Point, N. C.**

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT
BY THE BROOKS SYSTEM



Length 35 ft., beam 6 ft. 3 in. Patterns $25.00. You can build this **$1000.00 BOAT FOR $125.00**



Length 18 ft., beam 4 ft. Patterns $10.00. Takes 300 ft. lumber and $9.00 in hardware. **A $200.00 BOAT FOR $25.00**

Length 16 ft., beam 4 ft. Patterns $5.00. With 200 ft. lumber and $5 in hardware you have a **$150.00 BOAT FOR $20.00**

which consists of exact size **printed patterns** of every piece, a complete set of **Half Tone Working Illustrations** and list of all **Material** required, and how it is used. Our **Instructions** tell you how to lay a certain pattern on a piece of lumber, how to mark it and cut it out, how to nail or screw it in place with so many of such size nails or screws. We then give you an Illustration of each step of the work properly done. It is the Twentieth Century method for the amateur and professional boat builder. It is a form of recreation. It is a splendid business opportunity. **Can you see it?**

Patterns cover L. B. 51 ft. Prices from $3.00 up. Catalog and Pattern Bars **Free.** For 25c. (stamps) catalog, sheet of instructions and working illustrations. Prices quoted on knock-down frames and complete boats.

BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building
204 Ship Street, Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.

Veeder
"It's nice to know How far you go"
VEEDER ODOMETERS TELL EXACTLY
For Automobiles, Carriages, Bicycles and Motorcycles. Attaching brackets for all popular Motor cars, ready to slip right on. *Send for Booklet.*
THE VEEDER MFG. COMPANY, 1 Sargeant St. HARTFORD, CONN.
Makers of Cyclometers, Odometers, Tachometers, Counters and Fine Castings
Odometers

EARN A BICYCLE
taking orders from sample wheel furnished by us. We want an **Active Agent** in each town. Large profits. *Write for special offer.*
Highest Grade 1904 Models **$8.75 to $17**
Coaster Brakes, Hedgethorn Puncture-proof Tires and best equipment
1903 and 1903 Models, Best Makes **$7 to $12**
500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All Makes and Models, good as new **$3 to $8**
Great **Factory Clearing Sale** at
We Ship on Approval to any address and allow **TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL** on every bicycle. Any wheel not satisfactory may be returned at our expense. *Write at once* for catalogue and our special offer. **AUTOMOBILES, TIRES,** Sewing Machines, Sundries, etc., *half usual prices.*
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Dept. 84-G, CHICAGO

STENOGRAPHY Book-keeping, etc., thoroughly taught at Bauman College. There is a demand for our graduates. Catalogue free. Business Houses in need of graduates. C. C. GAINES, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. or 119 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

Sequil, Or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

By HENRY A. SHUTE

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

Copyright, 1906, by Henry A. Shute

JUNE 16, 186— Brite and fair. my arm is all rite.

JUNE 17, 186— Rany and thunderry. my arm begins to ich a little only i cant scrach it.

JUNE 18, 186— still rany. all our arms begin to ich. Annies arm is the wirst. we dident go to church today. That is one good thing. I never knew it to rane before on sunday.

JUNE 19, 186— brite and fair. every one of us is cross as time. I took hold of Georgies arm today and she began to ball and said i did it purpose. i keep hiting my arm agenst things all the time. somehow i never hit the well one. that is always the way with things.

JUNE 20, 186— brite and fair. father is cross two. last nite he grabed me by the arm to shake me and it hurt so i hollered like time, and then he let me go and said he forgot about my arm

JUNE 21, 186— brite and fair. Annie is in bed sick with her arm. She always has things the wirst xcept mother, only mother says she hasent enny time to be sick.

JUNE 22, 186— brite and fair. my arm is still auful sore and the wirst of it is becaus i cant go in swimming.

JUNE 23, 186— Brite and fair. All our arms is better. John Johnson who rings the town bell has gone away for a week and Beany's father is going to ring it. He has to ring it at 7 oh clock in the morning and at 1 oh clock in the afternoon and at 9 oh clock in the nite except Saturday nites when they ring it at 8 oh clock so that peeple can get there baths before bedtime. Me and Beany are going to lern to ring it.

JUNE 24, 186— Rany. me and Beany went up to the church to-day to see Beanys father ring the town bell, he let us pull it a little, it is prety esy. then we went up at 1 oh clock and at 9 oh clock. School ended today, buly.

JUNE 25, 186— Rany again. most of our scabs has come of. I dident go up to see Mister Watson ring the bell this morning becaus i dident get up in time, it was sunday. Beany he dident neether, but we did tonite Beany can ring it prety well.

JUNE 26, 186— Brite and fair. jest think, Beanys father is going to Portsmouth tomorow and Beany is going to ring the bell and he is going to let me help him. Beany is a prety good feller. mother sent of the scabs today to peeple which wanted them. nobody wanted mine. father said it was becus i was such a tuf feller

JUNE 27, 186— Brite and fair. gosh if we dident have a auful time today. in the morning me and Beany went up to the church and rung the bell, we had a good time and rung it jest so many rings jest as mister Watson, Beany's father told us to, then me and Beany both got kep after school, and when we got out we asked Noot Crummet what time it was and he said it was jest 1 oh clock and that the town bell had jest struck, and then me and Beany jest put for the church as tite as we cood liper, and we was prety near tuckered out when we got there and we both grabed hold of the roap and begun to ring the bell. well we only rung it a few times before we herd sumone holler fire, and then more peeple begun to holler and we looked out and we saw Charles Fifield and Charly Batcheldor and Chick Randall and Jimmy Josie jest putting it for the ingine house, and Beany said buly they is a fire, and we begun to ring the bell as hard as we cood and holler fire. then the Methydist bell begun to ring and then the upper house bell, and Charles Tole horses came galoping down to the Jountain ingine house with Mad Sleeper driving

And Mager Blakes horses went by jest lickety larup for the Torrent ingine house with old Brown driving, and then Flunk Ham came piling into the church and said, give me that roap and he puled like time, then some peeple came runing in and said where is the fire, and Flunk he said we dident know, and then we herd the ingine and went out and they was the Torrent and the fountain and lots of men, and they said where is the fire and nobody knowed where the fire was. and then Chick Randall he asked Flunk what he was ringing the bell for and Flunk he said he found me and Beany ringing it. then they asked us what we was ringing it for and we said we was ringing it for Mister Watson Beanys father, because he was going to ring it for Mister Johnson, and he had to go to Portsmouth and so he told Beany to ring it, and then old Brown he said us was fools and asked us if we dident know enuf to tell time and he said it was only 20 minits past 12 oh clock when the bell begun to ring, and some of the peeple was mad and said we had aught to be arested, and then we said that Noot Crummet told us it was 1 oh clock and then some of them begun to laff and said it was a good one. Ennyway me and Beany run home as quick as we cood and the peeple went of two.

Well, tonite father said if he had got into so many scrapes when he was a boy as me and Beany did he wood have been in jale. And Aunt Sarah laffed and said she gessed she cood tell a few things if she wanted to and father he said he cood two but he gessed he woodent. Ennyway he said Gim Melcher and Charles Talor led him into a good many scrapes and Aunt Sarah she said she gessed me and Beany and Pewt want a sercumstance to father and Gim Melcher and Charles Talor

JUNE 28, 186— brite and fair. it is most fourth of July again. they is going to be a band concert on the square. i shant have as mutch money as last year. ennyway i bet i will have a good time. i went in swiming 4 times today. i coodent go in while my arm was sore. Annie is most well but cross as time.

JUNE 29, 186— brite and fair. i went in swiming 5 times today. tomorow me and Pewt is going pikerilling. Pewt is a good feller to fish. fourth of July is coming next week

JUNE 30, 186— today me and Pewt went fishing. We got Charles Flanders little blew bote. it is the estest bote to row i ever rowd Pewt cought 4 pickeril and 5 kivies and 3 pirch. i cought 2 pikeril and 2 kivies and 4 pirch and 1 sucker. we cought sum minnies and shiners for bate but we dident call them ennything. we div of the bank at the eddy, once Pewt sliped and come down all guts, it nocked the wind all out of him

JULY 1, 186— brite and fair. today is the first day of July, we had my fish fride for brekfast

JULY 2, 186— brite and fair. i bought 5 bunches of snapcrackers and 2 bunches of canon crackers and sum slow mach and put them in a box in my room. tomorow is the nite before fourth. Pewt is going to have a pistol and Beany a canon. father he says if he hears of me fooling with a gun he will lick me and send me to bed for a week. ennyway he dident say ennything about a pistol or a canon.

JULY 3, 186— gosh i was scart today. this morning i went up to my room to look at my snap crackers. i got the box on the floor and was counting them when i looked out of the window. i saw old Miss Hartnett hanging out sum close on the line, i thougt i cood make her gump and i wanted to try jest one canon cracker to see if they was good ones. well i lit one and pluged it down behind her, and jest as she was reeching up with her mouth full of close pins it went of bang, and she hollered love of God and went rite over backwards. i thougt i shood die and jest then one went of bang rite in the room and then they all begun to go of *bang bang bang*, and i grabed the box up and pluged it out of the window and mother came

Most every man has a blue serge suit each year or so.

If he has one in the summer he may not secure a heavyweight for winter, but nevertheless, blue serges are always desirable in season or out.

Now there are certain points about blue serges that are important.

It is doubtful if any one wishes to use his suit for a mirror the second time he wears it:

"WASHINGTON NAVY SERGE"

is not made to shine.

Nor does a man desire the color to fade the first time he appears in the sun.

This serge is pure wool dyed and the color is absolutely fast.

And speaking of color, it is not of a light, screaming blue but is of that deep, rich blue that we admire so much in the uniforms of our naval officers.

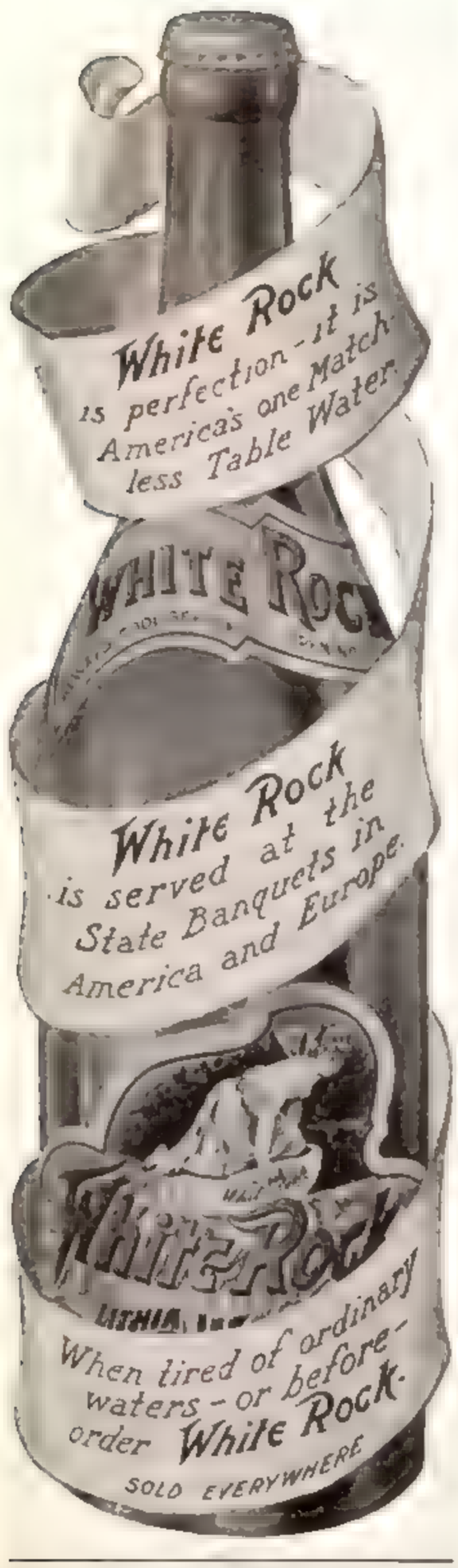
The best tailors should have it.

If you have difficulty in securing it, write us.

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY
WM. M. WOOD, Vice-President and Treasurer,
BOSTON

All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED
BOSTON GARTER
IS KNOWN and WORN
Every Pair Warranted
The Name is stamped on every loop —
The *Velvet Grip*
CUSHION BUTTON
CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Geo. Frost Co. Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

PATENT SECURED
Or Fee Returned. Free opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, free publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 647 F St., Washington, D. C.



up jest hipering and the room was full of smoke and i was stamping out the burning paper. well when i got it out she was prety mad with me and made me clean the room and wash the floor and windows. ferst i went out and picked up my snapcrackers. they were all rite but all the canon crackers but 2 had went of. Mother she asked me how they got afire and i said i was fooling with them and they got on fire and i had to plug them out of the window. then she said that was what fritened Miss Hartnett so, and i said was she fritened, and she said she was so fritened that she fell over backwards and i said is that so. mother don't know i did it on purpose whitch is prety good luck for me, so she only made me keep my snapcrackers in the yard. so i put them in a hole in the apple tree. gosh, you aught to hear Miss Hartnett tell about it

JULY 7, 186— brite and fair. i have been in bed 3 days. on the fourth i got bloan up with Pewts canon. i had fired all my snap crackers but 2 bunches whitch i had saved for nite, so me and Pewt we was fixing the canon, ferst we wood put in sum powder and then we wood put in sum wet paper for a wol and then we wood put in sum grass and then put in the ramrod and pound it down with a rock. then we wood put a fuze of a snap cracker in the tuch hole and lite it and put for the other side of the street and it wood make an auful hang and tern 2 or 3 sumer sets. Well we had lots of fun and bimeby i was poaring out sum powder out of the pow der horn and all of a sudden they was a flash of litening and the next i knew I was in bed and father and mother and Cele and Keene and docter Perry and aunt Sarah and aunt Clark and Georgie was in the room, and i said what is the matter and mother began to laff and then to cry and Docter Perry he said you had better take her out and let her lie down, but mother she said she wood be all rite and docter he said you needent wurry Missis Shute, you coodent kill this boy with brik. well my eyes smarted and i felt like the room was spinning round but it dident hurt enny. well that nite i coodent go to the band concert but they pushed my bed up to the window and i cood hear it prety good the next day i had sum buly gelly and oranges and Cele and Keene read to me and in the afternoon Beany came in to see me. Beany he burnt his hand on the fourth and Pewt he burnt of one evebrow and so we all had a prety good fourth. Yesterday Boog and Puzzy came down and fit for me until mother came up. i am all rite now and tomorow i can go in swimming. it was the babys berthday today. he was jest 1 year old. he is a auful fat little baby. when i was sick mother wood let him sit on the bed

JULY 8, 186— brite and fair. i went in swimming today. the water was jest as warm as if it came out of the kittle. next tuesday i am going bull froging with Cawcaw Harding.

JULY 9, 186— brite and fair, nothing today but church.

JULY 10, 186— me and Cawcaw had a prety good time today. we cougt 3 dozen bull frogs legs. we got sum old busters. it is auful funny to catch them. they will bite a bare hook, so we swing the hook by them and they gump for it and then they kick and almost tern rong side out trying to get of of the hook. then we grab them by the legs and whak their heads over the side of the boat and their inside comes out and sumtimes lots of hard water snales comes rating out and sumtimes they has fishes and sumtimes other bull frogs or stripers. then we cut of there legs. me and Cawcaw always kill them first. sum fellers cut of there legs ferst, that is prety cruil I think. Cawcaw he thinks so two

JULY 11, 186— brite and fair. today i went in swimming up to sandy bottom. Whack and Boog and Puzzy were there and got to pluging green apples. Whack got behind a tree and jest as he peeked out Boog pluged a hard one and took Whack rite in the mouth. then Whack got mad and said he cood lick Boog and Puzzy together, so Boog and Puzzy pitched in and had a good fite and punched time out of Whack. While i was waching them fite, sumbody tide gnots in my shert sleavs so tite that i coodent get them out so i had to go home without my shert on. it was prety lucky i had my jaket on.

JULY 12, 186— Today i went up to Whacks and we et sum green currents with shugar on them and then et sum green apples and then we went in swimming down to sandy bottom. i dont feel very well toute, i have got a bely ake.

JULY 13, 186— i have been sick all day, mother made me take a big spoon full of caster oil

JULY 14, 186— i am beter today, it raned all day and tonite they was a thunder shower, it struck a tree in Gilman field.

JULY 15, 186— i went up to Whacks agen today. i dident eat enny green apples or green currents you bet. Whack and Boog and Puzzy did and they give little Willie sum. they never have the bely ake. i never see such fellers

JULY 16, 186— i have got a velosipede, it ways 90 pounds. I have got so i can ride it down hill. last nite i was riding it up by Gim Odlins and it ran rite into a tree and i came of rite over it and scratched my hands and nocked the skin of my gnees.

JULY 17, 186— Hot as time today Docter Gerrish and Docter Prey and J. Albert Clark have all got buly velossipedes, they have spring backs but mine is solid iron back and when i go over a bump or a stone it most rattles my teeth out. Beany he can ride two, but Pewt cant

JULY 18, 186— feerful hot.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Old Gorgon Graham

(Concluded from Page 11)

how he was handling his men. No hollering, or yelling, or cussing, but every word spoken counting and making somebody hop. I was right upon him before I discovered that it wasn't the new foreman, but Mike, who was bossing the gang. He half ducked behind a pile of Extra Short Clears when he saw me, but turned, when he found that it was too late, and faced me bold as brass.

"A nice state you've let things get in while I was awa-y, sorr,' he began.

It was Mike, the cellar boss, who knew his job, and no longer Mr. Shaughnessy, the millionaire, who didn't know his, that was talking, so I wasn't too inquisitive, and only nodded.

"Small wonder," he went on, "that crime's incr'asing an' th' cotton crop's decr'asing in the black belt," he went on "when you're sendin' such mate to the poor naygurs. Why don't you git a cellar man that's been raised with the hogs, an' 'll threat 'em right when they're dead?"

"I'm looking for one," says I.

"I know a likely lad for you," says he.

"Report to the superintendent," says I, and Mike's been with me ever since. I found out when I looked into it that for a week back he'd been paying the new cellar boss ten dollars a day to lay around outside while he bossed his job

Mike sold his old masters to a saloon keeper and moved back to Packingtown, where he invested all his money in houses, from which he got a heap of satisfaction, because, as his tenants were compatriots, he had plenty of excitement collecting his rents Like most people who fall into fortunes suddenly, he had bought a lot of things, not because he needed them or really wanted them, but because poorer people couldn't have them. Yet in the end he had sense enough to see that happiness can't be inherited, but that it must be earned as the wages of work well done.

Being a millionaire is a trade like a doctor's—you must work up through every grade of earning, saving, spending and giving, or you're no more fit to be trusted with a fortune than a quack with human life. For there's no trade in the world, except the doctor's, on which the lives and the happiness of so many people depend as the millionaire's; and I might add that there's no other in which there's so much malpractice.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM

FISHING AND HUNTING

Colorado possesses some of the finest fishing and hunting grounds on earth, the dense forests being the natural coverts for elk, deer, and other game. Its myriads of streams teem with mountain trout, its lakes, while full of attractions for the angler, are also the resort of millions of geese, ducks and other wild fowls.

The Fast Trains to

COLORADO

are via

UNION PACIFIC

LOW RATES

Be sure your tickets read over this line.

A copy of "The Rockies, Great Salt Lake and Yellowstone," sent free on application to

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
UNION PACIFIC
OMAHA, NEB.

STARK TREES Largest Nursery Fruit Book Free. SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL Result of 70 years' experience
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N. Y.; Etc.

Save Your Face

We know that we have the best razor in the world. Not because it is an absolutely safe razor, but because it is the first and only razor that permits the correct sliding stroke in any part of the face, thus we smoothly shave the tough beard from the tenderest skin without the slightest pull or irritation.

The Curley IDEAL Safety Razor

is unconditionally guaranteed. Shave with it once or a dozen times. If not perfectly satisfactory, if it is not the best razor you ever used return it to us within 10 days. We will refund the money. Price $2.00 postpaid. Extra blades, hang style, 75 cents each. Sold by responsible dealers. Reference by permission to

F. MARION CRAWFORD, New York and Sorrento, Italy.
ALFRED HARMSWORTH, London.
CARDINAL SATOLLI, Rome

Booklet No. 7, containing instructions on shaving, free

J. CURLEY & BROTHER, 6 Warren Street, N. Y.

The Rational Vehicles of Health and Pleasure

Bicycles

Equipped with

Two-Speed Gear

and

Coaster Brake

The return of bicycling finds our American roads greatly improved and the bicycle itself perfected in design and construction and equipped with new and marvelous devices.

To learn all about modern bicycles, get catalogues free from our 10,000 dealers, or send stamp for any one of them.

Pope Manufacturing Co.

EASTERN DEPARTMENT		WESTERN DEPARTMENT	
"Columbia"	"Cleveland"	"Rambler"	"Monarch"
"Tribune"	"Crawford"	"Crescent"	"Imperial"

You See Them Everywhere

MEN'S Flexo Garters

fit perfectly, hug the limb comfortably without binding, never let go of the hose, never tear them, last longest, look neatest—are best garters.

Sold by all dealers. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and 25 cents and we will see that you are supplied. These garters are made of heavy ribbed silk elastic—Price, 50c

A. STEIN & CO., 263 Fifth Avenue, Chicago

"Merchants Record and Show Window"

is the original illustrated SHOW WINDOW Journal. Every issue contains many new and practical sales plans. Also numerous half-tone reproductions of show window displays contributed by the world's best designers and decorators. Send $2.00 for a year's subscription, or 25 cents in stamps for copy of latest issue

Address, 1050 Monon Building, Chicago, Ill.

Half way between winters

Insure next winter against discomforts like those of last winter by installing

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS & BOILERS

Put in now at summer prices, by best mechanics. Put in OLD cottages, houses and all OLD buildings as easily as in new. They give sure home comfort, with marked fuel economy, and least care. Ask for valuable booklet (*Free*).

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Dept. 28. CHICAGO

The Point of our Argument

4%

Our Simple and Safe Method of
BANKING BY MAIL
Pays 4% interest compounded every six months
On checking accounts we pay 2 per cent
Capital, Surplus & Undivided Profits
$6,000,000.00
Total Deposits
$9,000,000.00
BOOKLET No. 4, SENT FREE
PITTSBURG TRUST CO.
Pittsburg, Pa.

Dearborn Junior Typewriter Table Cabinet

42 in. long
24 in. deep
36 in. high

Guaranteed the most complete and perfect device of its kind ever sold at our price. We ship on approval $12.00, freight prepaid east of Rocky Mts.

With door to paper cabinet, price $13.00.

Made of solid golden oak, beautifully finished.

Invaluable note book holder free with Cabinet.

Illustrated catalog Free

"As shown in The Delineator" Typewriter Cabinet, $6.00."

Dearborn Desk Company
1926 1st Av., Birmingham, Ala.; Suite 810, 200 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Karo

CORN SYRUP

The new syrup with the new flavor that everybody loves. Good for all home uses, from griddle cakes to candy. All grocers, in 10, 25 and 50 cent tins.

CORN PRODUCTS CO.,
New York and Chicago

A BEADWORK BOOK FREE

Beautifully illustrated in colors, telling all about this art and many dainty novelties for ladies, sent free.
MIZTEC ART CO., Dept. 30, 64 Washington Street, Chicago

How One President Was Made — By William Eugene Lewis

William C. Whitney's Contribution to Grover Cleveland's Success

SIGNS are not wanting that there may be an impending repetition of history. In 1892 a man of some former eminence was taken from a quasi-obscurity and again nominated and elected President. This was done, too, in the face of an organized opposition of the leaders of his party who believed that they represented their party's best opinion. Twelve years ago Grover Cleveland was identified as the man for the place Certain omens, conditions and indications exist which might justify a reckless prophet in urging that destiny once more calls. It is ill to predict, however, when the event is so near at hand and the truth or valuelessness of the prophecy determined so soon. The prophet, and of his kind, the political prophet above all, should take long shots

The season, the after-dinner speeches, the clubroom and the corridor talk of Cleveland for President make pertinent the story of his third nomination and second election to that exalted office. The power that placed Cleveland first in nomination and final election was his former Secretary of the Navy, William Collins Whitney. He died but a few months ago, and as was well said by an elder and—I am willing to concede—a more widely read writer, "he should have died hereafter His work was not finished

How Whitney Reorganized New York

It is needful, perhaps, to insert a little of the biographical here. Upon retiring from Cabinet office at the close of Cleveland's first term Mr. Whitney applied himself to an enterprise which he had shaped out in the few leisure moments that came to him in office. He had previously done more than any one man in its municipal history to drag New York City from the morass of moral and financial bankruptcy into which Tweed administrations had sunk it. As corporation counsel of New York he virtually reorganized the entire city government. He defeated and wiped from the dockets fraudulent suits which, through the collusion of officials, bade fair to ravish the ultimate dollar from the city's strong box. The mayor and administrative officers of the municipal government were quite secondary considerations beside the brilliant, able and, above all, honest corporation counsel It is a favorite theory of mental philosophers and students of men that versatility is but another name for incompetency. A homelier phrase, "Jack of all trades and master of none," is so old that no man can tell its origin. Whitney was the most versatile man in the public life of his time, and withal one of the ablest. He defied proverbs. He was never identified with an organization or an enterprise that met with defeat, and he plucked many business brands from the burning. This is somewhat eulogistic, perhaps, but it is necessary to a proper comprehension of the most remarkable political enterprise ever carried to success by one man in this or any other country.

After returning from Washington to New York the labor to which Mr. Whitney devoted himself was the amalgamation of the street railway systems. There were twenty-seven distinct tramways, each under separate organizations, each losing money, each an enemy of the other twenty-six, and all incumbering the streets of Manhattan. The man who remodeled the navy, and as an incident thereto raised the United States to a front rank position among the world's naval powers from that of a fifth-rater, found a real business before him in the reformation of the street railway system. Where had been a service run on village plans, in three years there grew the Metropolitan, one of the greatest and best-paying transportation organizations in the world. Having mapped out the details of final amalgamation and consolidation, and left them to be discharged and carried out by able lieutenants, Mr Whitney decided upon a two years' rest, and sailed for Europe

He was in Switzerland when what has gone into political history as the "snap" convention was held in New York. It was invented by David B. Hill and carried to a winning issue, so far as this convention was concerned, for the purpose of naming Hill for the Presidency. Mr. Whitney had been living in an atmosphere of natural and artificial beauties. The cathedrals of the old world, their lakes, the outdoor life, the social features, and all that could charm or entertain a mind so catholic and so capable of enjoyment as his, lay spread before him. His desire had been just awakened by the six months of his travel, and with eighteen months of time before him he was prepared for the play-day of a lifetime of work.

The brief news from America of the "snap" convention awakened a train of thought. It occurred to him that there would be no necessity for such a gathering of politicians and such uncommon action if the politicians were prepared to give the people of the party what the people of the party wished. The only object in tying up a delegation as had been done would be to circumvent the public demand. Thereupon Mr. Whitney took the first ship to America, leaving his family to tour Europe without him. His enlightened eye had read accurately at a distance of four thousand miles The "snap" convention was to thwart the party wish. It had committed the State to Hill, though Hill had not been named in any of its resolutions or actions. The unit rule covered a multitude of political sins, although it cloaked but one political personality. It was the rebellious element of the New York party who had stolen the State, or, more properly, "road-agented" it. It is necessary to coin a word to express the boldness of the hold-up and subsequent larceny. There was nothing behind the door. It was done in the open, and with much clamor. The men at the head of the band were those whom Cleveland had failed to recognize with office or with responsibility as advisory counsel in his former tenure.

The Campaign of 1892

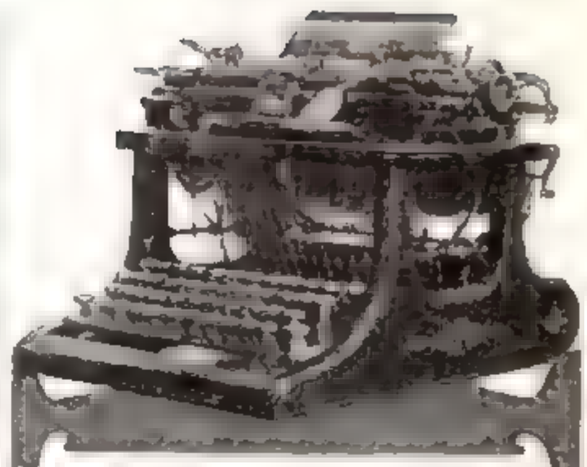
Prior to leaving Europe Mr. Whitney cabled certain men to meet him. He came unheralded to New York, and within five days thereafter had counseled and caucused with the real leaders from fourteen different States He explained to them his ideas of what was required. They went away about their business. Six of these fourteen men he did not see again until the convention. He went to Chicago, not as a delegate, and without right or title to a seat, but his political commissioners had done their work. The story is briefly told in this table

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION
Chicago, June 23, 1892

CANDIDATES	[illegible]
Cleveland, New York	617
Hill, New York	113
Boies, Iowa	103
Gorman, Maryland	35
Stevenson, Illinois	16
Scattering	23
Total vote	910
Necessary to a choice	607

Cleveland nominated on the first ballot
Carlisle, Kentucky, 14; Morrison, Illinois 3; Campbell, Ohio, 2; Russell, Massachusetts, 2; Pattison, Pennsylvania, 1 Whitney, New York, 1

Whitney's committee of aides was named by himself. The cabinet, as it might be called, that was formed at a conference held in New York on June 14, was composed of Russell, of Buffalo, and Judge D. Cady Herrick, of Albany. They opened headquarters at the Palmer House, and Mr Whitney lost no time in trying out the delegates from every State and impressing them with the Cleveland strength. With Cleveland's own State instructed against him, with David B. Hill the legal candidate, so far as the records went, it says much for Mr. Whitney's powers of logic and force of argument that he was enabled to get almost the entire West for his candidate, and the convention was distinguished by the feature of a Western State, Minnesota, naming as its



An Actual Demonstration of the Cost of Maintenance of

The FOX TYPEWRITER

Compared with others.

We have four **Fox Typewriters** in the Chicago Post Office, in constant use for the past three years, on which the expense of maintenance has been **Fifty Cents.**

Sitting beside these machines are four other so-called "standard" machines, of the same age and doing the same work, on which the expense for the same time has been **Thirty-Six Dollars.**

The original cost of these machines was the same

On three of the

FOX TYPEWRITERS

the expense was nothing

The average expense on the four machines of other make was Nine Dollars a year, or 9 per cent. of the cost

This fact alone makes the **Fox Typewriter** the most economical machine to buy

The extremely low maintenance cost, and its great durability, are the result of its light touch, easy action and perfect mechanical construction, all of which are greatly in advance of any other typewriter.

Every good feature that is common to other typewriters is found on the

FOX TYPEWRITER

and shows improvement.

May we not prove this in your office at our expense?

We place Fox Typewriters on free trial anywhere.

FOX TYPEWRITER CO.
Limited
Factory and Executive Offices,
468 Front St., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Block 23, Liberal Arts Bldg., World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo.

Branch Offices and Agencies in principal cities.

Send 50c. for sample Fox Typewriter ribbon, regular price $1.00, any color, for any typewriter. It will outwear any other.

Now he's happy

Wholesome, healthful, delicious maple syrup, with the true maple flavor, made under conditions that insure its absolute purity and richness of flavor: that is

Towle's
Log Cabin
Maple Syrup

Always uniform in flavor and quality. Look for the "Log Cabin" brand on every can; it's a guarantee of excellence and a pledge of satisfaction to you.

If your dealer does not handle

Towle's Log Cabin Maple Syrup
Towle's Log Cabin Camp Syrup, or
Towle's Log Cabin Panoche Syrup

send us his name and 10c. and we will mail you a beautiful Log Cabin syrup spoon.

Our booklet "From Camp to Table" — tasting recipes for many dainty dishes, sent free upon request.

Towle Maple Syrup Company
St. Paul, Minn.

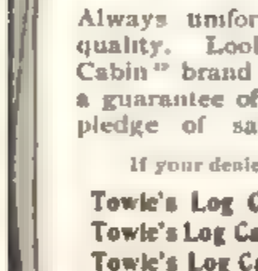
MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief for

Prickly Heat, Chafing, and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.



The Goody-Go-Easy

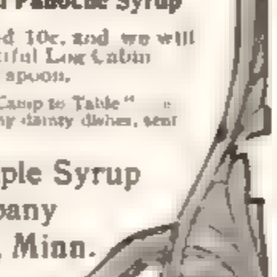
A Swing and Cradle Combined

Used in and out of doors. Finished to hand rubbed golden oak, or painted rich red. Hours of solid comfort, amusement and exercise for the little ones. To be healthy children must have exercise. Price $5. We pay the freight east of Rocky Mts. Write for our handsome folder.

AMERICAN MFG. COMPANY
3205 Kenwood Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

To Owners of Gasoline Engines
Automobiles, Launches, Etc.

The Auto-Sparker



does away entirely with [illegible] and expense. No "make" or switch—no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using [illegible] for descriptive catalog.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO
18 Main Street Pendleton, Ind.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a dozen, hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH, a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do that). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

candidate the outcast of New York, in a convention instructed almost from Maine to California for "favorite sons." And the uprising among delegates and spectators that followed the Minnesota announcement justified the judgment of Minnesota's delegation in following the Whitney initiative.

The convention was so constituted that Mr. Whitney himself might possibly have had the nomination for President. Some knowledge of this had come to him; in fact, he could not have been in the United States three hours without recognizing the political fact that he himself was popular with the party, and it was not, let me interpose, until he died that the last possibility of his becoming a candidate was removed. Between the first of last November and the first of January this year there were at least ten well authorized delegations representing as many different States to call upon Mr. Whitney and crave his consent to his candidacy. It is also quite within the political possibilities that had he lived until the next convention the Cleveland nomination for a third term might have been made, and the possibility did not lapse with his death. This assertion is predicated upon nothing that he said directly, but it is quite evident that a man of his keen discernment and practical experience in politics must have considered the fitness of the former President as a candidate in the present Democratic emergency.

Whitney's Ablest Lieutenant

To return to the Chicago Convention. Two days before the convention met Mr. Whitney gave to the newspapers a signed statement, recording himself thus:

"The incidents of to-day and what I have learned from Mr. Cleveland's friends from various places to-night convince me that the ex-President's nomination is assured on the first ballot."

The figures in the foregoing are a sufficient indication that his instinct and acquired knowledge had served him correctly. On the night that Mr. Cleveland was nominated Mr. Whitney made his first entrance into the Chicago Democratic wigwam on the lake front. This was shortly after six o'clock, and his reception suspended the regular business of the gathering for half an hour.

It was after the convention, at which Mr. Whitney acted as *amicus curiæ* rather than as a duly qualified participant of affairs, that the real work began. Having named the man, it remained to elect him. Gorman, twelve years ago, as well as Gorman quite recently, seemed to be designated by whatever Providences watch over politics for the head of the ticket. Yet Gorman's name was no more than whispered. To Gorman, acting as lieutenant for Mr. Whitney, Cleveland owed more than to any man, other than the originator of his campaign, for his success. From first to last Gorman—whose committee at the convention had sunk at the Illinois Central pier, without opening them, the original packages of some $8000 worth of lovely gold and enameled badges—stood with Mr. Whitney. Gorman accepted his defeat with that smooth exterior that has characterized him from page to Senator in every office in life. Whatever Gorman might have thought about it, what may have been the internal fires that smoldered, no one ever knew. He would have realized more votes in the convention had he not mysteriously disappeared for forty-eight hours. He came to the surface at the time vital to Cleveland's victory. He did not even pose as the vanquished, chained to the victor's chariot. He simply became extremely busy in politics, and from convention day to election he knew neither rest nor let-up. Three months ago Mr. Whitney, in speaking of Gorman, said to me:

"He is the greatest fighter I ever knew. You never know how much you love a man until he is engaged in a fight either with you or against you."

The New York delegation and New York State had protested Cleveland's nomination. They had written a round-robin—being men somewhat careful of their political future, and none caring to accept the responsibility for heading the revolt—in which they had set forth the reasons why Cleveland could not be elected and why New York would not support him. After the spectacular nomination, the convention delegates awoke. It is quite probable that Mr. Whitney's idea of a Madison Square ratification meeting and what came out of the preliminaries saved Cleveland's election. Previously it had been the idea that many votes might be gained by making a public affair of the notification. Therefore, Cleveland was invited to New York to become duly informed of what he and the entire world already knew. Representative Democrats from forty States were present to witness and report. It was one of the greatest of Madison Square meetings, and it settled the question of New York's loyalty also. Tammany, represented at the meeting on committee and, in fact, almost in sole charge of the arrangements, was shown to be strong for the ticket. Croker was then at mid-career as leader. He had the machinery well in hand and was prepared for his future deeds as boss. He came down from Richfield Springs to consult with Mr. Whitney and to assure him that the Tammany organization was for the national ticket. Then widened the break between Hill and Croker which was never bridged. After the conference, and as they were riding uptown in a cab, Mr. Whitney, desiring to inform himself, asked Croker, more or less bluntly, why he had declared in favor of the candidate instead of sitting mute as might have been to Tammany's advantage at that time.

"You did me a good turn some years ago, Mr. Whitney," replied Croker, "and I have been laying for a chance to get even ever since."

Mr. Whitney had not remembered the good turn as a political asset. It had been a mere incident in his life. Croker had been indicted for a murder of which he was guiltless. Mr. Whitney supplied him with attorneys and gave him the aid which led to his acquittal. It was a case of bread cast upon the political waters, to return after so many days that the casting had almost passed out of mind.

The hard work of the summer was done by Mr. Whitney, who was as regular at his self-appointed work as an office clerk and did not hesitate at overtime. In October, Cleveland visited his campaign headquarters. The purpose of his call was to register a complaint. He had been informed, he said, that he was being compromised, and certain commitments had been made in his name.

Cleveland's Estimate of Whitney

"There have been no promises and no commitments," replied Mr. Whitney.

That was all that was heard by the other two men who were present at the time. Whitney and Cleveland remained for one and one-half hours behind the closed door of Mr. Whitney's private office. What took place these two alone knew. Mr. Whitney never told. Mr. Cleveland has not; but from that time the progress and conduct of the fight for a Presidency was not interrupted by objection or complaint from the principal in interest.

Three weeks later Cleveland was elected. If there had been any "commitments" the political notes at hand were destroyed, for neither before his inauguration nor after was Cleveland asked for an office in recompense for work done under the guidance or at the request of Mr. Whitney. The President went to the White House wholly unfettered and foot-loose. There were no promises to be made good; he was the freest man that ever took the oath of office.

And having nominated and elected Cleveland, pursuant to what he regarded as the demand of the American people at that time, Mr. Whitney vouchsafed no further advice and attempted no further control of the country's destiny. He regarded his work as having been completed on March 4, 1893.

I asked him one day, with a view to refreshing my own memory of the campaign of '92, the reasons why Cleveland instead of another should have been selected at that time, and received Mr. Whitney's explanation. It was the necessity for tariff reform that made Cleveland. He represented the idea, and the idea triumphed. Mr. Whitney viewed the work of the Reform Club in the second Cleveland campaign as the underlying cause of victory. "The Committee on Tariff Propaganda"—so they were known—had carried on a campaign of education. They papered the country with pamphlets, they sent out apostles into the remotest districts, and the campaign of education of 1888 resulted in the election of Cleveland in 1892. It was a Futurity play.

Of the man who placed him a second time at the head of government, Mr. Cleveland has lately said:

"Mr. Whitney had more calm, forceful efficiency than any man I ever knew. His judgment was quick, clear and astonishingly accurate, and when it was called into action his mental poise was so complete that neither passion nor irritation could lead it astray."

To Make An Ice

[illegible] kinds of some sort — and there is really no reason why your table should lack them — they cost practically nothing to make and may be made in a very few minutes with the

TRIPLE MOTION
WHITE MOUNTAIN
ICE CREAM FREEZER

The quickest and most perfect freezer made. To learn how and gain some idea of the great variety of delicious desserts that can be made with the White Mountain Freezer, write for our little book "Frozen Dainties," FREE.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO.
Dept. D Nashua, N. H.

Pears'

Its least virtue is that it lasts so.

Soap is for comfort and cleanliness.

Pears' soap cleanliness—perfect cleanliness and comfort.

Sold all over the world

THE LOCKE ADDER

Aluminum Model $5.00

CAPACITY $99,999,999. The [illegible] does more work than the most expensive. Adds [illegible] at once. [illegible] Duplicates [illegible] per copied. Saves [illegible]

Cannot get out of order. [illegible] with a little [illegible] It is a joy to use. For U. S. A. R. Harper, Democratic Nominee for President, Wm. Waldorf Astor, Jas. Whitcomb Riley, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Rev. Dr. Talmage, Dr. Parkhurst, Gen. Horace Porter, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, Ex-Gov. Roswell P. Flower, Ex-Gov. Frank S. Black, Ex-Gov. Levi P. Morton, Ex-Gov. Wm. E. Russell, Ex-Gov. Wm. McKinley, Jr., Ex-Gov. Wm. Merritt Stone, Ex-Gov. Wm. A. Richardson, Ex-Gov. Wm. Pennington, Ex-Gov. Wm. Sulzer, Ex-Gov. Wm. Gray, Ex-Gov. Wm. Bross, Ex-Gov. Wm. Claflin, Ex-Gov. Wm. Eustis, Ex-Gov. Wm. Wetmore, Ex-Gov. Wm. Whitney, Ex-Gov. Wm. Wilson, Ex-Gov. Wm. Woodbridge, Ex-Gov. Wm. Wolcott, Ex-Gov. Wm. Wood, Ex-Gov. Wm. Wright, Ex-Gov. Wm. Young, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zabriskie, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zeller, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zimmerman, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zinn, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zollicoffer, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zuber, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zumbro, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zwicker, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zwinger, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zwinglius, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zwingli, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zwingli, Ex-Gov. Wm. Zwingli

Greater Atlantic City

The Story of How the Popular Watering Resort is Making Poor Men Rich and Rich Men Richer.

FIFTY years ago Absecon Island was a stretch of surf-washed sand on the Jersey Coast. To-day the same island is celebrating its Golden Anniversary as the greatest watering resort on the globe, the Mecca of millions of tourists seeking health and pleasure. Its wind-blown dunes have become the site of beautiful Atlantic City, with its permanent population of 35,000, and an estimated summer population of 250,000.

Busy streets, handsome cottages, palatial hotels cover the Island from shore to shore, from the Inlet to Longport, making it necessary for Atlantic City to seek a new direction in which to expand.

WONDERFUL GROWTH

Little did Jeremiah Leeds think, when paying forty cents an acre for Absecon Beach, little did his family think when selling it for $17.50 an acre, that to-day a moderate valuation of the real estate within Atlantic City's limits would total $70,000,000. Yet such is the fact.

This wondrous growth is due apparently, not to booming or speculation, but to entirely natural causes which exercise a peculiar fascination over visitors. So long as her beach is the finest, her surf the coolest, her skies the brightest, her breezes the balmiest, her boardwalk the gayest, access to her glories the easiest, so long must Atlantic City hold her sway, and so long will sweltering inland millions crowd her healthful shores. With this combination of excellences, the growth and prosperity of Atlantic City are practically as certain as the rising and setting of the sun.

Within ten years land in the heart of Atlantic City has risen 800 per cent., and Atlantic City is yet in its infancy. Unlike some shore resorts, as Newport, which was made by millionaires, Atlantic City has made comfortable fortunes for almost everybody who has invested in her real estate. The next ten years, in the judgment of those who know best, is bound to see as great a rise in the city's suburban property.

CITY MUST EXPAND

A glance at the map bears out this opinion. There rests Atlantic City on Absecon Island as on a throne—beauteous Queen City of the Coast, but with no room for expansion. Land is just as scarce about her as water is plenty. The salt marshes, five miles in width, stretch toward the mainland, affording no outlet for growth. To build on these is to build on mud washed by tide-water.

But Atlantic City must expand; homes must be built somewhere. There is but one direction—on the highland at Pleasantville Terrace, adjoining the town of Pleasantville. In this direction is absolutely all the natural high ground unoccupied within seven miles of the city. Accordingly attention is now being turned to this section.

This large tract of highland, formerly known as the Doughty Estate, belonged to General Doughty, of Revolutionary fame, whose log cabin still stands, a relic of that stirring period. This estate has remained in the Doughty family until this spring, when they sold it, thus allowing it to be placed on the market for the first time in over a hundred years.

ON THE HIGHLAND

Situated sixty feet above the ocean, Pleasantville Terrace affords the only natural outlet for the growth of Atlantic City, and promises an opportunity to investors not unlike that which made the wealth of the early owners of property on the Island.

Here the tonic air of the pines mingles with the healing ocean breezes, making it a natural resort of persons seeking restoration to health. Here also a beautiful natural lake, one mile in length, provides boating, fishing, swimming. The woods of pine and oak afford hunting in season, and artesian wells furnish the purest water.

EASY OF ACCESS

Access is easy, the handsome new station being just twelve minutes' ride on the Reading Railroad from the famous Boardwalk. All trains, except through express, make regular stops. A trolley line runs from Pleasantville, tickets being sold at the rate of six for twenty-five cents. The Delaware and Atlantic City Trolley line is surveyed direct through the property, and the Washington Avenue trolley will pass nearby.

The Atlantic City Estate Company, who are the purchasers of this property, have divided it into lots, 25 by 100 feet, which they are offering to investors and home-builders at prices that will seem insignificant five years hence. Since this is nearly all the unoccupied land there is within seven miles, such an opportunity to secure a home-site suburban to the world's greatest shore resort is not likely to occur again.

The price of these lots is $25; but for a short time only $10 will be deducted from the price of every other lot. Corner lots command $5 extra, a few choice lots being valued at $35.

It should be remembered that this is within easy reach of the wonderful Boardwalk, twelve minutes' ride by rail, and a five cent fare by trolley.

These lots may be had on the following remarkably easy terms: $1 down, each lot; $1 weekly for 1 or 2 lots; $2 weekly for 3 to 5 lots. No charge for deed; no mortgages; no interest; no taxes until 1906.

It can be readily seen that a fortune is not required to own a valuable piece of real estate. One may become an investor or a home-builder on a very small capital. Here a family may live inexpensively, amid quiet shade and cooling breezes, within a few minutes' ride of the world's greatest Ocean Sanatorium.

SAFETY OF INVESTMENT

So sure is the Company of the goodness of the investment that it gives a black and white guarantee that the lots will increase in value at least *25 per cent.* within one year, based on the price at which our corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, or money will be refunded with six per cent. interest. Titles are guaranteed by Integrity Title and Trust Company of Philadelphia. Should the owner of property in Pleasantville Terrace die before his lots are fully paid for, his heirs will receive a clear deed, thus insuring him against risk or loss. Should he desire to build before September 1st, half the purchase price will be returned, and every assistance given him in his enterprise.

In this way men of moderate means may invest on the easiest terms and under the safest guarantee, with practically no risk. It is certainly a most unusual proposition. Land is the safest form of investment. It cannot burn, be stolen, or affected by financial panic. Pleasantville Terrace is the only land convenient to Atlantic City which can be bought as low, or on such terms.

Franklin P. Stoy, Mayor of Atlantic City, was among the first to recognize the advantages of Pleasantville Terrace, and among the first to purchase. He has consented to reply to all inquiries as to the standing of the Company and the goodness of the investment. Prominent officials of the Reading Railroad, clergymen and hundreds of business men, have also purchased largely. Property is sold under wise permanent restrictions, and to white people only.

Every facility is offered for investigation. Excursions are run every Sunday from Atlantic City, leaving the Reading Station at 2.30 P. M. Agents furnish tickets at the station, or they may be had at the Company's Offices, 410 Bartlett Building, Atlantic City.

A NEW SECTION

To those who cannot visit the property in person, a booklet and plans, from which to make selection, will be sent upon request. Section B opens June 25.

By enclosing $1 with name and address as many lots may be secured as desired, up to five, which is all that can be sold to one person. Satisfaction is guaranteed or the dollar will be returned. Or, send name and address for booklet and further information to The Atlantic City Estate Co., Victor J. Humbrecht, President. Philadelphia Offices, 1039-1050 Drexel Building, Fifth and Chestnut. Atlantic City Office, 410 Bartlett Building; Pittsburg Office, 308 Frick Building; Camden, N. J., Office, 304 Market St.; New York Office, Room 925, 1133 Broadway; Newark, N. J., Office, 412 Prudential Building; Washington, D. C., 209 Jenifer Building.

PLEASANTVILLE TERRACE, ATLANTIC CITY'S NEW SUBURB

The Saturday Evening Post Advertiser.

Where the Money is Going To

(Continued from Page 3)

hungrily shameful consciousness of their lack of it—are endeavoring to associate themselves. Though the wayfaring man may in his simplicity have a very real respect for a fortune of a hundred millions, it must no less be remembered that the possessors of those hundred millions must of necessity have some other thing to which to attach *their* respect. "What a man owns is already subordinate, in America, to what he knows," says Carnegie, who commonly wots very well of what he speaks. At any rate, in this he has not lacked for corroboration. What a small group of the all-but penniless have in the past been able to do at Concord, at Cambridge, at Hartford, and are doing to-day in a hundred other little centres of quiet thought and generous feeling and love of beauty—toward just that are these people with all their burdening millions half vaguely but altogether wistfully directing themselves. And that, at least, is a good tendency, and one for the optimist to dwell upon with gladness.

It is with another emotion, however, that one must speak of the third division. They cry out for an American book of snobs, and, no doubt, in good time they will get it. They represent, perhaps, seventy per cent. of those whose names you will encounter in the society columns—if the pursuit of science should horribly doom you to their perusal; they appear regularly in the ever-popular Newport calendar, and most successfully do they make themselves talked about. But they are not within the inner circle, that circle which it is their one vain and foolish life's desire to be within. They may be invited to the outer and general feasts, but even "the little imps that jeer" know no better than themselves just where the circle will draw tight and bar them. Indeed, could they only understand it, it is their very pressure and inthrust that forms the circle. As it is, from the rage of their hearts they fall to denouncing it as no circle at all, but a nest of human cog-wheels, which, though possessing every power to bruise and lacerate, take one no nearer to whatever is at the centre of them. . . . Then arrives a shoal of still newer *nouveaux riches*, and, from contemplating the beginnings of *their* humiliations, their predecessors draw some bitter solace and comfort

The Legend of the Golden Gate

The humiliation of *all* this willing snobbery may be ever so well deserved, yet it comes less from any invited judgment upon it than from a tradition concerning the "circle" that is as absolutely erroneous as it is almost universal. Who has not heard the general postulate: "All you need to take you in is money enough"? It may be doubted if there is anywhere a young wife of a Western mine owner or an Eastern stockbroker but who secretly believes that if her husband made his twenty millions before June, by midwinter, or, at the latest, before the Christmas following, she would be within the inmost inner. Now, if a painstaking attempt to follow, after the Balzacian method, the progress and development of a few of the great moneyed families of America has furnished data of any value at all, such a belief, however deeply rooted, has nothing to feed upon. In this new country, quite as much so as in the oldest civilization upon earth, a family has to have its evolution; and that evolution is a matter not of seasons and years but of generations. I take for an example a New York family which had its millions from 1800. It was not until well on in the sixties that it was accorded that thing which we call social recognition; and that was gained, not by the millions, but by the very charming personality of the two sons of the third generation. Another family, the name of which is at present even more synonymous for the wealth of Midas, came into its millions some thirty-five years later. It was almost half a century upon its social way. Although the representatives of its second generation were about as fine-grained and lovable as any pair of mortals who ever came into the possession of great wealth, it was only by a kind of accident that they found themselves beyond that threshold which the modern "struck-oils" believe that they can enter within six months or a year. It may be said, too, in the matter of social thresholds, that they had never shown the slightest hankering for any other than their own. But they had just built the largest and most beautiful mansion in New York, and by the city they were deputed to act as hosts to a most exalted English plenipotentiary. The reception ball was one which those who *were* in the "circle" could not possibly—in their large-minded view of things—be absent from. A host of calls were paid which were some thirty-five years overdue. It is worth noticing, too, that it was the ladies of the family first mentioned who had been the most immovable till then in keeping up the barriers.

A third family, hardly less known—but as yet only in its second generation—for all it has had its millions for forty years, has built its fine houses, laid out its great estates, and married into the foreign nobility, can in no sense be said to be within the "circle" of its own city. And the same statement could be made almost categorically for every family that has acquired its wealth within the last twenty five years. Therefore, to the ambitious young broker's or mine owner's wife it may be said: If you are very enterprising and manage to get your children into a certain dancing school—and into a certain class of that dancing-school—you may possibly, as they grow up, satisfy the full longings of your soul by seeing them enter doors where you will never be able to follow them yourself, and you will know they have a pitying contempt for you because you cannot. And these joys, at their best, are long to wait for.

Supposing in the mean time—if the advice will not seem too quixotic—that you occupy yourself with other things: your own education, for example. Why not go on with it until you know a good picture, until you can give yourself to great music, until you love the right books, and begin suddenly to wonder in silence for what purposes you have been granted existence. . . . Possibly by then, too, if you can still think of "circles" at all, you will not want to enter any other than that to which you will already find yourself belonging. And you may also find yourself in the company of not a few who have belonged to the other, and have stepped out of it for something better—the mental freshness of an activity that is ever useful, and that sweetness of the spirit which comes from the doing of good works

Have We an Aristocracy?

We have spoken again and again of classes. We come now to a question which has been put too often of late for democratic pride: Is there not at present forming in America something which may very well be called an aristocracy? The temptation is to reply to that question with fierce and fluent vigor. But the cooler answer is always the more convincing.

In the beginning *classes* form, as they must always form. We grant it daily and unthinkingly when we speak offhand of the "laboring classes," the "professional classes," the "educated classes," and the like. But the distinction is no fixed one nor is it money which creates the distinction. Because with your suddenly acquired twenty, or fifty, or one hundred millions you cannot forthwith break your way into a group of families which have been intimates, son and father and grandfather, for half a century, that is no reason for your crying out that an aristocracy has been formed. Not a whit more easily can your money take you into a group of old locomotive engineers, nor into a fraternity of painters in water-colors, nor, again, into that bright society of young professors and their wives which forms about the portals of every university. *These*, too, are classes, or segments of classes.

Aristocratic caste is something very different; and an object lesson may illustrate the difference. Some twelve years ago an American multi-millionaire resolved, for his own reasons, to expatriate himself. He had, with his family, occupied at Newport a position of social importance so great that in many quarters the opinion was expressed that upon his emigration the colony would disintegrate. As for the young multi-millionaire, he made known his intention of taking up an estate in England and entering that class—in this case he meant caste—to which he felt he rightfully belonged. His father with kindly shrewdness gave him his warning. "Be sure you have the nerve to carry you through with it," he said. The son was very sure he had. He went boldly to England, and he chose an estate under the very walls of Windsor. . . .

His proximity made its walls seem, soon enough, only the higher to him! His twelve years in England were to be years so galling as almost to make one sympathize with the ever-baffled ambition of the man. He was to build hospitals and to subscribe in huge amounts to Red Cross funds, and have the gifts ignored. He was to give great entertainments and find that the attitude of mind

ROOF LEAK?

applied on an old leaky shingle, tin or felt roof will make it absolutely waterproof. Stops the rusting process in tin or iron, and stops warping or rotting of shingles. Will add ten years to the life of a new or old roof.

¶ ROOF LEAK is the most durable sun or winter proof paint or coating possible to make. Does not crack in winter or soften in summer. Easily applied. Imparts no taste to water.

¶ ROOF LEAK SHINGLE DIP renders the wood absolutely weatherproof, and when the shingles are nailed on the roof they become cemented together so tightly that warping which causes cracked shingles and loose nails is positively prevented.

¶ ROOF LEAK is shipped in the heavy liquid cement form, and is applied as received on worn and leaky surfaces. It is reduced with one quart of boiled linseed-oil to each gallon if used as a durable paint on surfaces in good condition. Shingle Dip is shipped ready for dipping.

¶ ROOF LEAK COATING AND ROOF LEAK SHINGLE DIP are made in Black, Maroon and Dark Green. Five gallons up to any quantity 75c. per gallon, freight paid east of Denver. Returnable at our expense if not approved.

¶ ROOF LEAK is sold by up-to-date paint and hardware dealers. Those who try to sell you something else are not doing you justice, because "there is nothing else like ROOF LEAK."

¶ Liquid samples, together with an interesting booklet showing its various uses, will be sent on request, or to enable you to give it a practical test, we will send you for $1.00, delivered free to your door, one gallon, which is sufficient for cementing 100 square feet of leaky surface, or painting 200 square feet. One gallon of Shingle Dip covers about 400 square feet, shingles both sides.

ELLIOTT VARNISH CO., 153 Fulton St., CHICAGO 271 Pearl St., NEW YORK

Manufacturers of Fine Varnishes and Inventors of

ROOF LEAK?

AN OFFERING TO PURITY.

The selection of grapes is vitally important. We get the very best—that is one step in the process that gives the extra goodness to Welch's Grape Juice. The Welch process transfers the juice from the luscious clusters to the hermetically sealed glass bottles unchanged in flavor, aroma, beautiful color and food properties. No chance for fermentation—no chemical or other addition. Sterilization by heat (no boiling) keeps the grape juice indefinitely while sealed

Welch's Grape Juice

affords the healthfulness of fresh grapes the year around. It is a delicious, fruity beverage that is refreshing and invigorating. It will not upset the most delicate stomach but rather will set it right

Use Welch's Grape Juice on the table, all may partake with safety. Serve it clear as a dainty refreshment for special occasions or, add a fourth part Welch's to lemonade. Send for booklet with 40 recipes giving use in food, etc.

In ordering of your druggist or grocer it's worth your while to specify "WELCH'S." Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10 cents

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., Westfield, N. Y.

Protection

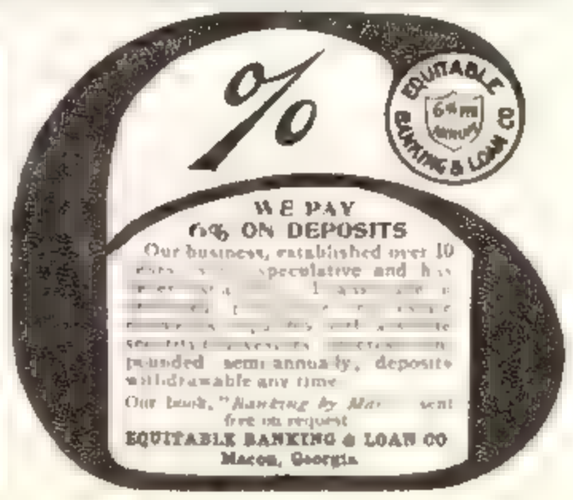
Registration and Guidance

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

$1000.00 Special Accident Insurance for one year, either sex. Identification tag and registration [illegible] in case of accident to you and the "Ideal Guide" to St. Louis and the World's Fair, including map of grounds and city, all for $1. Save worry and mental wear and tear by knowing that you are insured against [illegible] and when you reach here you will have full directions for getting around the city

Send a dollar today

ROBERT W. INMAN, 315 B Wainwright Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.



6%

WE PAY 6% ON DEPOSITS

Our business, established over 10 [illegible] speculative and has [illegible] compounded semi-annually, deposits withdrawable any time

Our book, "Banking by Mail," sent free on request

EQUITABLE BANKING & LOAN CO Macon, Georgia

WHITTEMORE'S

GILT EDGE

Oil Shoe Dressing

Has been used over 50 years by millions of ladies with unfailing success, and to-day is the most popular shoe dressing in the world. It imparts a beautiful lustre to all black shoes (except patent leathers), is warranted not to soil the finest clothing or injure the most delicate leather. It is always ready to use and cannot spill. Never deteriorates.

Shines Without Rubbing

Put up in 6 oz. bottles (not in 4 oz. less, as is often the case) price 10 cents. Durable cartons.

If your dealer does not keep it send us 25c. postage, and we will send you a full-size bottle prepaid

SUPERB PATENT PASTE

Send 5 cents for 10 cent box

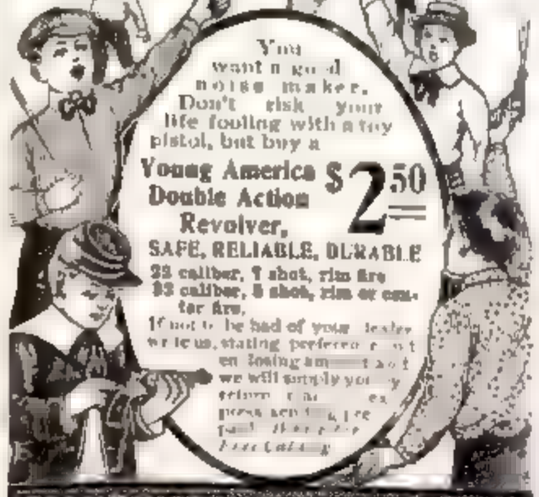
of this best of all polishes for all patent leather and shoes. It gives a jet black brilliancy that is durable and waterproof and does not injure the leather.

One box only will be sent, post paid, at this price, and this offer only holds good until July 1st 1904.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
Sole Mfrs., Dept. P, Cambridge, Mass.

$30
round trip daily
Chicago to
Colorado
the ideal place for a
Summer Vacation
Correspondingly low rates from other points. Two fast trains daily via the
Chicago, Union Pacific
and
North-Western Line
The Best of Everything
Ask any ticket agent, or send 4 cents for maps, booklets, hotel lists, etc.
W. B. KNISKERN
P. P. M. C. & N. W. Ry.
CHICAGO

4TH JULY



You want a good noise maker. Don't risk your life fooling with a toy pistol, but buy a

Young America Double Action Revolver, $2.50

SAFE, RELIABLE, DURABLE

22 caliber, 7 shot, rim fire
32 caliber, 5 shot, rim or center fire.

If not to be had of your dealer write us, stating preference as to caliber and finish, and we will supply you. Illustrated booklet free. Price List free.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO. 32 S. PARK AVE. WORCESTER, MASS.

Government Positions

25,566 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the year ending June 30 1903. Excellent opportunities for young people. We have coached those whom we have prepared BY MAIL for examinations and assisted them to secure appointments. Hundreds of persons have written us letters like the following, which we select at random from hundreds of similar ones we have on file: "I have received appointment as ... I owe my success entirely to your course of training, which covered questions recently used by the Government." These and other letters state that they were put through a course of training, which covered questions recently used by the Government. These are sent free on request.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
Washington, D. C.

in which his county neighbors came to them was that of those who have resolved to bestow a favor. He was to feel—worse than all that his very grooms and wardens regarded him essentially as a kind of foreign curiosity. And the point *he*, for *his* part, could not grasp was that each of his noble neighbors regarded himself as a king upon his own estate. *He* had not had to purchase it; it had come down to him by primogeniture, and his prerogative over it was prescribed by the Constitution in the law of entail. This stranger, they told themselves, of his very nature could not be one of them; and the very fact that he should *desire* to be made him a man suspect! In short, where the emigrant had hoped to find an aristocracy, or the upper caste, a kind of earthly, all-lovely, Elysian Field, he found a walled and moated stronghold.

Nor could mere entail and primogeniture give the New World the institution. The thing demands much more, a soil and setting of servility, and that inherited awe of the ignorant and the stupid which no household lackeys can ever suffice to furnish. Conditions are demanded which must have come straight down from the feudal system, and an atmosphere which permeates the whole national scheme of things. Countries which have taken their growth since the great sowing of democratic seed—not only the United States, but Canada, Australia and New Zealand—can have none of this; but in the case of countries which for a thousand years *have* had it, no revolutions seem sufficient to drive it out. One day, in Paris, the writer was visiting the cemetery of Little Picpus, where were interred the nobles guillotined during the Terror. "There are more people buried in Père La Chaise," said the old concierge with a certain scorn, "but they are not great." She must have seen at least two republics, but you could never tell her that De Mussets, and Chopins, and Thiers were of the same class as her Périgords and Montmorencies.

If you still feel that the formation of an aristocracy is possible in these latitudes it may prove not uninteresting to know that they have been, theoretically, formed here before. In New York alone there was, two generations ago, that George A. Ward who decided that the only thing necessary to make Manhattan altogether inhabitable was the existence of such a caste; and as he had grasped the importance of primogeniture, he decided that the New York aristocracy should be one of the wholesale merchant class, it being the only calling in which the elder son generally inherited not only the position but the larger part of the wealth of the father. It was building upon a logical hypothesis, but though he lived long he did not see that aristocracy. Thirty years later a certain worthy lady in her turn drew up a sort of Burke's Peerage for New York, giving the ancestry, intermarriages and issue of the Heaven favored class. But, alack, if you will turn over that heavy-gilded volume now at least one half the names in it are those of families already passed out of memory. Not twenty years ago too, Ward MacAllister drew up *his* list of four hundred of the ennobled. Already a good fifteen per cent. of them are strangers to the eve of the present. For the aristocracy makers have somehow always committed the error of looking into the past instead of into the future.

MacAllister, for his part, had had much confidence in his catalogue because it consisted solely of members of the "leisure classes"—at any rate, his women were, and a good dozen of his men. And just there—once more to view the thing with what soberness we may—just in that fond belief that any life whatever can come from the beginnings of stagnation have all these sycophants shown their essential shallowness. In America the human tide is not pent up in reservoirs and diked into appointed courses. It is free, and it acts with that large freedom of Mother Nature herself. In a great democracy society—not that merely of the gossip columns, but of the whole free-pulsing race—is like a marching wave: it is never without its crest, but that crest is of constantly changing water.

And if an eddy gathers into shore, and, moving slowly round and round in its own circle, begins to tell itself that it has become water apart, and is no longer of the stream outside—alas, Nature's large laugh is already mocking it. She may give it time enough for its froth to begin to turn to scum—then she raises the waters behind and there comes a freshet! Or, if she be full weary, she sends a flood, and out that sluggish eddy is strongly swept—sweetened and made fresh again, despite itself—in the great main current.

The BUILDING of the WATCH

The great Dueber-Hampden Watch Works, at Canton, Ohio, are unique among the Watch Works of America. Here, and here only, is a complete watch, case and movement, made. At other "watch works" only parts of a watch are manufactured. The "ACCURATE TO THE SECOND"

Dueber-Hampden Watch

is made under one roof, superintended in every detail by one management, and sold under one guarantee. I want every reader of THE POST to read the new booklet, "Light from the Watchman," in which the whole truth is told about Dueber-Hampden Watches and some others. Address

The Watchman
Dept. C, Canton, O.

WINCHESTER

AUTOMATIC RIFLE
.22 CALIBER MODEL 1903

LIKE HISTORY IT REPEATS ITSELF

As a means of pleasure and sport, the Winchester Automatic Rifle is as far ahead of any other .22 Caliber as an automobile is ahead of the historic one horse shay. After loading this rifle, all that it is necessary to do to shoot it ten times is to pull the trigger for each shot. Although automatic in action, it is simple in construction and not apt to get out of order. For city, country or camp it is the gun of the day. To shoot it is to appreciate it. You can handle this rifle and see it shot in our demonstrating booth at the St. Louis Exposition.

See our Exhibits at St. Louis, in Manufactures and Fish and Game Buildings.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY NEW HAVEN, CONN.

This $18 Ironfold Sliding Box Couch, $10

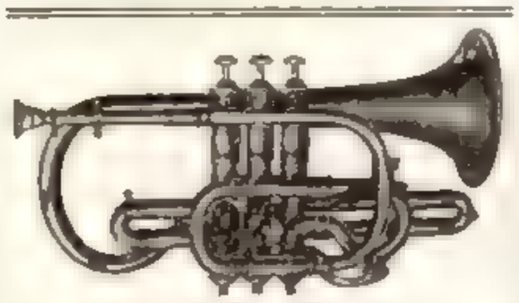
Handsome High-Grade Couch and Double Bed Complete with Spring, Mattress and Bedding and Wardrobe Box.

Any article we make may be returned at our expense if not thoroughly satisfactory. We manufacture and sell direct from factory to home. Metal Furniture Mfg. Co. Send us your address for our Book and Prices.

The mechanism is so simple that a child can operate it. Made of very best quality steel and iron, strongly constructed, handsome, clean, ornamental. Rip Van Winkle Spring guaranteed 2 years. Cedar finished, pine box rolls out under couch on casters. Closed, couch is 2 ft. 2 in. wide, 6 ft. 2 in. long, and 4 ft. 6 in. high. Sent [illegible] of or N. Y. draft, and we will ship [illegible] Bargain at $18, but we make special price to introduce [illegible] in every community.

METAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., Dept. S, 17 W. 42d St., New York.

BANDMEN
ATTENTION!



DO YOU KNOW
that we are selling high grade band instruments by a new method which insures an astonishing saving on your purchase?
CORNETS from $5.80 to $23.95

SEND FOR OUR NEW SPECIAL BAND CATALOGUE
which illustrates a full line of drums, clarionets, flutes and saxophones, as well as our three large lines of brass instruments, and fully explains how
WE ARE ABLE TO MAKE SUCH LOW PRICES.

Our booklet, "How to Buy Band Instruments," is full of valuable pointers. Send for it. It is free.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.
Dept. B 3. CHICAGO.

"The pen is mightier than the sword"
THE BUSINESS MEN
who know
How to Write A Business Letter
are few indeed

My book, entitled "How to Write a Business Letter," is written for intelligent, progressive business men and is full of sound instruction on the subject of writing tactful, dignified and explicit letters that get results. It contains 200 model letters, each one of which is a model example of the best method of letter writing, business methods and forms as practiced by educated and successful business men and eminently suited as models for the correct handling of all departments of correspondence. A blunt, plain, matter-of-fact statement of the situation may suffice, but it cannot be called a letter in the strict sense of the term, there must be some character in it, some human interest in order that it may be pleasantly readable. My book gives the meat of the active principle governing perfect letter writing in a short and practical manner. Marshall Field & Company, The National Cash Register Company, and numerous other representative business men of the country, freely endorse my book, and have encouraged its use in polishing and perfecting the correspondence of all departments. The two hundred model letters may be accepted as criterions of perfect letters, and the business man or employee who masters them will be serving his best interests. Send 50 cents in coin or stamps for a copy, then write a letter after studying it that will return you many times the cost. [illegible] Write today.

CHAS. R. WIERS, 225 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

By a special arrangement with the publishers I will give you a yearly subscription to the Bookkeeper and Business Men's Magazine of Detroit (Regular price $1) and a copy of "How to Write a Business Letter" for one dollar

The Pneumatic GOLF BALL
3 for $1.00 (Postage Paid)
UNTIL JULY FIRST
Most durable Golf Ball in the world. You cannot gash [illegible]
Unequaled for approaching and putting. You will use no other ball after you try The Pneumatic. Special price to players. Catalog free. Or [illegible]
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Uncle Sam's Diplomacy

(Concluded from Page 3)

The Department of State teems with anecdotes based upon the anomaly of the prevailing dress of our diplomacy. Most of the stories are amusing, but not one can be heard that bears negatively upon the quality of Uncle Sam's diplomacy. That related of Lincoln's unexpected interest in dress is characteristic of the trifling things that sometimes appeal to a giant intellect. A punctilious Westerner, named as Minister to the Argentine, was in Washington preparing to leave for his post. Mr. Seward took a negligible view of the embryo diplomat's desire personally to take leave of the President, but consented to accompany him next day to the White House. "What will you wear?" said the Secretary, repeating the inquiry of the man bound for Buenos Ayres; "oh, wear anything. Mr. Lincoln was never known to notice what anybody wears—come as you are, if you will." Determined to prove that he was starting at least sartorially competent, the new Minister appeared the following day in a frock-coated suit in the tip of the fashion, with gloves, high hat and all. Mr. Lincoln appeared ill at ease throughout the interview and listened mechanically to the platitudes of his caller, his eyes wandering meanwhile from head to foot of his tiresome visitor. The new Minister was delivering himself slowly of his words of appreciation for the high honor bestowed upon him, and was coming to the point of saying good-by, when he would have to go. "It's a long way to the Argentine, Mr. President; and at times they have yellow fever there. Perhaps, Mr. Lincoln" (he was now nearly overcome by his feelings), "perhaps I may never come back."

"Well," broke in the great man, bound to force a close to the lugubrious address, "if you die out there you'll leave an all-fired good suit of clothes. Now, good-by."

Everybody in Washington official life knew in a few hours of the surprising development of the President for observing what men wore.

Numerous have been the tales of gaucheries on the part of our representatives abroad. But the Government's agents thus belittled, nine times out of ten, have probably been equal to any emergency in their official calling, and capable of giving a good account of themselves anywhere, even if lacking in what is known as "the diplomatic manner."

Not so many years ago there was a Minister guilty of disregarding many canons of social usage, but so patriotic according to his lights, even, that he would never admit that his countrymen spoke anything but the "American language." He was accredited to the monarch of an empire in which massacres of Christian people were occurring in distant provinces from time to time. Scores of American missionaries were in those provinces, and their lives were believed not to be worth a farthing. Reports came only too frequently of slaughter, incendiarism and pillaging. Missionaries of other nationalities were known to have been murdered by fanatical mobs. Fearing that his remonstrances at the Foreign Office might be forgotten as soon as he had driven away, the American Minister decided to take vigorous steps looking to the protection of his beleaguered compatriots, men and women. With his interpreter he went straight to the palace and saw the great potentate himself. "Look here," he said, "I am doubtful of the protestations of your Ministers that my people will be protected from the bloodthirsty marauders. I fear that they say sweet things to satisfy me for the moment—and then trust to luck. The purpose of my visit to you is to say that if a single American is killed I shall instantly summon my Government's fleet, and the guns of the American navy will efface this capital from the map."

Throughout that night the wires between the palace and the troubled provinces were singing with imperative messages, and not one American missionary was molested. Authority for that United States Minister's diplomacy can be found in no code, certainly not in Uncle Sam's. It was high-handed, extravagant, and couldn't have been backed up—but it unquestionably was responsible for saving imperiled American lives, and hence might be regarded as a triumph.

Joe Chapple is at the FAIR

I have taken the National Magazine to the St. Louis Fair. It is being printed and published as an exhibit of high-grade magazine making, showing every step "from Manuscript to Mail Bag." There will be six numbers printed, each one a souvenir. If you send me 24 2-cent stamps, I will enter your name as a six months' subscriber to the "National," and send the entire six souvenirs. If you send

12 2-Cent Stamps

the issues for three months will be sent. If you come to the Fair, I want to meet you. I want you to "know Joe Chapple" and what he stands for. I want you to get acquainted with "The National." I particularly want you to read the leading article in the July number, entitled "Early Ideals of Great Men," containing essays by John D. Rockefeller on "Freedom," "Education," "Recollections of the Past," etc. You will understand then why Senator Allison says, "It is my favorite periodical," and why Senator Frye says, "It is one of our best magazines." Make a memorandum now to meet Joe Chapple in the Liberal Arts Palace at the Fair.

Mrs. Chapple and I are planning a trip to London and Paris in August. We intend taking five subscribers with us, all expenses paid. If you accept the above offer, you may be one of them.

ASK FOR INFORMATION ABOUT LONDON TRIP

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

Columbia

ELECTRIC VICTORIA

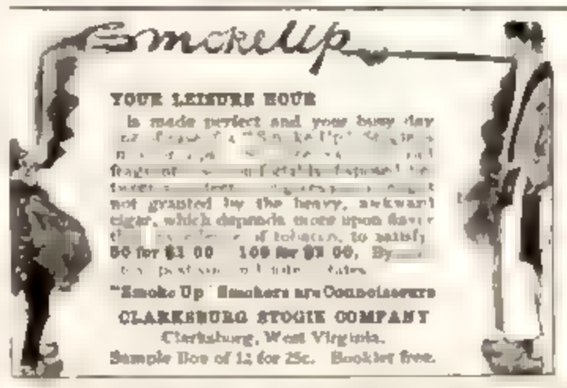
Mark XXXI

Price $1,600

30-35 H. P. Gasolene Touring Car, - - - - $4,000
Most powerful and efficient car of its weight. Canopy top, Limousine or Surrey Body to order.
24-30 H. P. Gasolene Touring Car, - - - - $3,500
The car that holds the Chicago-New York Record. Canopy top or Limousine Body to order.
12-14 H. P. Light Gasolene Tonneau, - - - $1,750
New Model Electric Runabout, - - - - $850
Lightest, fastest and most efficient vehicle in its class.

Catalogue will be sent on request, also special catalogues of Columbia Electric Town Carriages and Commercial Vehicles.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO HARTFORD CONN
New York: 134-138 W. 39th St. Chicago: 1413 Michigan Ave. Boston: 74 Stanhope St.



YOUR LEISURE HOUR
is made perfect and your busy day [illegible] when you smoke a fragrant [illegible] not granted by the heavy, awkward cigar, which depends more upon flavor than [illegible] of tobacco, to satisfy.
50 for $1.00 100 for $2.00, By [illegible]
"Smoke Up" Smokers are Connoisseurs
CLARKSBURG STOGIE COMPANY
Clarksburg, West Virginia.
Sample Box of 12 for 25c. Booklet free.

DON'T SHOUT!
The "Morley"

makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. No case of deafness that cannot be benefited.
Write for booklet and testimonials.
The Morley Company, Dept. T,
19 South 10th Street, Philadelphia

"LIGHTWEIGHT" PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

mean freedom in breathing. Weigh 2 oz. Any store 50c and $1, postpaid for choicest patterns.
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Box 315, Shirley, Mass.

Save Money and Trouble

Professional and business men, students, travelers, mechanics, sportsmen, find in these goods perfect fit, style, convenience and economy. Made of fine cloth and finished in pure starch.

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled, discard. **We send by mail ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 30c.** Send 6c. in U. S. stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

Reversible Collar Co., Dept. 7, Boston

PUT YOUR MONEY

IN THE LENS

WHEN BUYING A CAMERA

Bausch & Lomb

Plastigmat

WITH THE VOLUTE SHUTTER does better work in every class of photography than the lenses ordinarily supplied with cameras. . . . . *Our Booklet tells why.*

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.
Rochester, N. Y.
New York Boston Chicago

Learn Photography

To encourage beginners, we offer a limited number of **Special Mail Course Scholarships, together with excellent Camera, Complete Finishing Outfit,** plates, paper, etc.—regular value $22.50—for the price of camera and outfit, ... **$15.00**

Order at once, sending money by Postal, Express Order, or Registered Letter. *Students easily earn enough to pay for instruction while learning.* Write for our Free Book, which tells about 20 mail courses for Professional, Amateur and Beginner.

American School of Art and Photography
289 Washington Ave. Scranton, Pa.

NURSING

IS A womanly, lucrative profession. graduates earning $12 to $30 a week. Our courses require no unusual ability—only earnest, faithful effort. They are especially adapted to the young woman seeking a life vocation and to the practical though untrained nurse who needs a thorough knowledge of the theory of her profession. A treatise, giving full information of our method, mailed to earnest applicants.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
203 Main Street, JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

The Rock Island System

(Continued from Page 7)

immigration in this country toward any particular section of it is an undertaking calling for much time and money; and that a single railroad system should have succeeded in attracting within less than a year so much attention to the Southwest must be gratifying to every road in that territory, since all share, more or less, in the prosperity that attends the building up of the States they enter.

In general, no feature of Western railroading is more active and efficient than the Immigration Bureau. The Immigration Bureau is a territorial and social clearing-house through which the romances, the struggles and the ambitions of primitive American homeseekers pass daily like so many bank checks. The Immigration Bureau is the builder of new settlements, new communities and new States. It deals with the class of American citizens nearest the simple life, people wholly in earnest, tillers of the soil and small tradespeople who minister directly to their needs. This is the sturdy, industrial class that raises the crops, saves its money, talks no strange political doctrine, multiplies refreshingly, and attends strictly to its own business, and is the comfort of the sociologist that knows *his* business. The Immigration Bureau professes no politics and no one religious belief to the prejudice of another. It works industriously with the adherent of the older faiths and the follower of the new. On the plains of the Dakotas, or of the Texas Panhandle, or in the far counties of what is now Oklahoma but was a few years ago No Man's Land, it plants within gunshot of each other colonies of Dunkards, Mennonites, Baptist Brethren, Lutherans and Catholics. The best of these pioneers are to-day, as our forefathers were, people of strong and simple religious faith, and when an immigration agent asks a concession in behalf of such a prospective colony he urges naively that "a settlement of Dunkards or Mennonites means more settlers in the future." Race suicide makes no inroads upon these frontier colonies. The head of the family may trim his whiskers with a scythe and shape his hat over a coffee-pot, but he pays off his mortgage notes and has wheat in his barn.

The rapidity with which these thrifty folk accumulate is astonishing. Twenty-eight small towns, and, necessarily, all new towns, in Northern Oklahoma, last December showed fifty-seven banks with deposits of $3,957,000. The town of Anadarko returned to the Rock Island in freight receipts for 1900 $62,000; in 1901, $172,000. Hobart, in 1900, returned $28,878; in 1902, $309,168. Hobart ticket sales, which in 1900 were $877.37, were, in 1902, $42,833.71. Lawton, in a year, ran up from $138,000 to $352,000 in freight earnings. El Reno, in passenger earnings, rose in a year from $63,000 to $195,000.

The figures, to those who have not noted the development of our Southwestern frontier, are astonishing. The older portions of Oklahoma are already so well settled and improved farms are held so high—thirty dollars an acre—that the alert Immigration Bureau is even now preparing to divert the Oklahoma overflow to the newer lines in the Texas Panhandle and New Mexico, where large cattle ranges are being thrown open to small farmers.

The Rediscovery of Missouri

It seems more curious still that so old a State as Missouri should be fertile ground for an Immigration Bureau. Though Missouri was admitted to the Union years before Iowa it has fewer schoolhouses and fewer school-teachers than the younger State, and there are still whole counties in Missouri without a railroad.

Yet Missouri, in profusion of natural riches, is without a parallel in the United States. The operating officer of one of the greatest railroad systems in this country, a man of wide executive experience, riding down the beautiful Mohawk Valley one evening in his car, declared that if obliged to choose from all the Union a single State, and build a wall around it that he was never again to pass, he should choose Missouri; and the adage is one to which all Missourians are loyal.

The resources along the new Rock Island line now being built across the State, putting aside an unrivaled climate and agricultural possibilities of every sort, are described by an immigration scout as comprising great ledges and hills of iron ore, all kinds of

Packard

Meets every wish for a perfect automobile.

Has accomplished endurance and speed results; overcome weight and road conditions impossible to all other motor cars of the Voiture Légère class. Unequaled for style, grace, luxurious comfort, elegant appointments, magnificent appearance.

Model "L" 1904 Four Cylinder Packard, 22 horse power, price $3,000

Other models $1,500 to $10,000

Write for descriptive, illustrated literature and name of nearest agent, who will give you a Packard ride—a ride of real pleasure.

Packard Motor Car Co., Dept. G, Detroit, U. S. A.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

New York Agents, Packard Motor Car Co. of New York, 317 West 59th Street, New York City

A boy wanted a horse

He hadn't a cent

But he got the horse

LIVED away out on the plains—hadn't many opportunities—few people lived near—but he got the horse. Other boys are securing watches, bicycles, baseball outfits, etc.—one boy says he will buy an automobile—with the money saved by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. What do YOU want? Whatever it is, we will show you a way to get it. Write to us, and we will start you in business selling THE POST—earning money—at once.

EXTRA—In addition to liberal commissions, we will give next month $250.00 in cash prizes, and a trip to the St. Louis Fair.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 2425 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Clears your house of Flies

VAMPIRE SPIRAL FLY-CATCHER

Sightly—can be hung anywhere. Compact, yet when enlarged will catch 400 flies or insects. Will not drip. Sent postpaid, 6 for 25c. **Agents wanted.**

INTERNATIONAL DRUG NOVELTY CO.
158 Franklin St., N. Y. City

SEATTLE Local Improvement BONDS

Denominations of $200 to $1000 each at .06 and .07% offer a *safe* investment. *Legal* and a *lien* on property *as taxes.*

We will write you all about them for the asking.

SYLVESTER BROTHERS, Investment Securities
66 Union Block, Seattle, Washington

Individuality
shows in your stationery

NO MATTER what the importance of the letter you write may be, use the best paper. Select the finish that appeals to you most, and use it always. Let it become part of your individuality, for in no other way is the refinement of men and women more clearly indicated than by the paper on which they write. It is poor economy to be misrepresented by using inferior paper.

An Added Dignity
If die stamped from your Crest, Monogram or Address Die

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOOK

ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS
In Fashion's latest approved styles.
Plate—name only, script —and 50 Cards . . . **$1.00**
Send for Style Sheet

HOSKINS 904 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Make Money Grow

Put your money where it will grow the largest and quickest, and still be safe. You ought to get more than 3 per cent or 4 per cent. No reason why every dollar you save shouldn't earn 5 per cent interest.

We pay 5%

on all money invested with us, and the interest starts the day we get the money. It still remains subject to your call and can be withdrawn immediately.

You are losing money every day you neglect this opportunity. Write to-day for free booklet that explains everything.

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.
341 North Charles Street
Baltimore, Md.

5%

Wenonah Military Academy

11 miles from Philadelphia, on the West Jersey & Seashore R. R. Wenonah has neither factories nor saloons.

New and spacious buildings, beautiful grounds, purest water and most perfect sanitation.

Physical Culture and Athletics under competent director. Fine Athletic Field and Gymnasium.

For catalogue and particulars address

MAJOR JOHN R. JONES, Superintendent, Wenonah, N. J.

PEIRCE SCHOOL A complete technical preparation for business, together with a good English education, including much that is not taught in the ordinary commercial school. Boarding and day students. 1800 students in 1903-04. For catalogue address the Manager.

PEIRCE SCHOOL
917-919 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

WEDDING INVITATIONS
and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.
J. W. COCKRUM, 527 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

mineral wealth, coal veins twenty to eighty feet thick, timbered tracts of the highest class and quantity, and large areas of farming lands, cultivated and uncultivated. Why, one would ask, build railroads in Alaska? Indeed, his report, fully read, brings the question up at once, Why does not everybody live in Missouri?

Yet the people seem open to other convictions. In Oklahoma 40,000 settlers have been placed along the new Rock Island lines alone. Within the year Oklahoma City has increased 10,000 people, a second town 6000 and a third 3000. Where Government lands are open for settlement filings are running 600 a day. New Mexico towns, too, are doubling up in a twelvemonth under the stimulus of the railroad work. Towns rejoicing in names such as Alamogordo and Tucumcari support jobbing houses. And more consoling instances remain. Eastern Colorado will pretty commonly be acknowledged as being, from the car window, quite positively hopeless; yet farmers there make good livings without irrigation by raising Irish potatoes. The country is the paradise of the sick man, and again our scout comes in with the specific instance of a man whose name, I have pleasure in recording, is Syke. Syke started from Ohio fourteen years ago and is described as reaching Eastern Colorado with poor lungs, hemorrhages and cash two dollars and fifty cents. He homesteaded 160 acres and his neighbors "broke out" a portion of it for him the first year. On October 13, 1903, Syke, as hardy as an oak, and ploughing potatoes in his shirt sleeves, owns the whole section of 640 acres, is feeding fifty head of stock, and whispered to the railroad emissary of money in the bank. Which of us for fourteen years can better the record of Syke?

The Western railroad does not stop at colonization; it is equally a bureau of agriculture. The Government conducts such a department, but it is the railroad that spreads the information supplied by the Government and supplements its work by local experiment stations, the distribution of literature and seeds, and that close-at-hand urging that gradually compels action among cautious farmers. In this the work becomes one of the greatest prudence. The railroad must know precisely what it has to offer in the way of climate, soil, natural resources and business chances or opportunities for investments. These are its attractions, and they must be put before the inquirer with definite understanding of his needs and how they may be filled. The Burlington for years maintained an experiment farm to demonstrate to farmers of the semi-arid region methods of subsoil culture. The Rock Island lines have taken up a peculiarly hard Russian wheat known as durum or macaroni wheat, and have found in it a grain precisely adapted for the dry, hot climate of the tablelands west of the one hundredth meridian. Russia exports 40,000,000 bushels of it a year, and the Volga district which produces it receives a smaller rainfall than our own Western plains and a very similar distribution. The Department of Agriculture has known of it for forty years, but the practical difficulties in the way of its culture have been enormous. There has been thus far no developed domestic market for this valuable product. Millers have refused to buy it because its extreme hardness makes it expensive for milling, and it will not mix with other hard native wheats. Yet such a grain is the wheat salvation of an agricultural region covering thousands of miles of a rich soil under a low rainfall, a dry atmosphere and an intense summer heat.

Here the railroad takes hold. Its industrial bureau not only arranges with Minneapolis millers for milling facilities for the hard wheat but also investigates export markets. In this way the Rock Island has learned that grain brokers at Marseilles and other Mediterranean ports stand ready to handle all the macaroni wheat that is offered, and it "follows up" by investigating freight rates from Russian competitive points and making a rate across the world that will put its local farmer on a parity with the Volga moujik for an export basis.

The whole process strikingly suggests Mr. Hill's industrial work in a wholly different direction, but both are only instances of what the Western road is doing in building up new territories and new markets. Some of these roads have lands to sell; others, as the Rock Island, have none. But they all understand that their prosperity is bound up in the development of local territory; that the greatest care is needed to avoid deception or misunderstanding in their advice to inquirers, and that there is, after all, no friend so vital to the prosperity of the Western railroad as the contented settler.

It Rests With You.

Big money-making I mean, and that is not all. Money comes as a matter of course, as an incident of true success. Dig deep, build on the bed rock of true education, which in its right meaning, signifies "a drawing-out" process.

Every normal human being is a battery of force if he will make it his business to draw out the powers naturally his. Our Course in the *Science of Salesmanship* shows how to do this. "Man know thyself," "The proper study of mankind is man,"—great injunctions these. Are you heeding them?

From true education, the kind involved in the *Science of Salesmanship*, springs the central force of true manhood and real womanhood—character—also health, the harmonious condition of the three grand divisions of man. From these springs the power to persuade others, and that is true Salesmanship, the kind which makes "dry rot" and "burning out" impossible. It brings permanent and increasing success.

Our Science stands for growth. Our correspondence school marks a new era of progress in the business world. It harnesses the fundamental truths of philosophy and science to the band wagon of business. Climb in. Listen to others who are enjoying the ride.

David M. McLean, of David M. McLean & Co., Investments, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago, says: "I have had my money's worth long ago and now I am working on velvet."

Albert R. Thomas, Salesman Wall Paper, Paints, Oils, etc., 88 Preston Street, Detroit, Mich., says: "One of the many strong points that I have gained is this: I know I am not that that I thought I was and now, knowing I am not that that I thought I was, I am going to try to be that that I know I should have been long, long ago."

Just the Time to Act.

Summer and early Fall find business a little quiet. "Make hay while the sun shines." Study now. Prepare for lively business in Fall and Winter. Don't burn time. Time is money. Improve the time you will have in the half-holidays, the long daylight during the evenings after business, some of the "hammock time" of vacation. Idleness is not rest. Change of mental attitude is restful. Send us your inquiry and get a starter now. Don't wait until Fall. The Course does not cost much. It is all taught by correspondence. You can master it in leisure hours, at home or on the road—as easily ten thousand miles away as right here. Proprietors, managers, commercial travelers, specialty salesmen of all classes, retail clerks, promoters, professional people, brain-workers from everywhere, profit immensely by our Course. Thousands are studying with us.

Our Little Messengers

"The Science of Salesmanship" and "Convincing Comments" giving full particulars will be mailed to you, postage prepaid, upon receipt of your request. A postal card or letter will bring them by return mail. Address

A. F. SHELDON, President

The Sheldon School of Scientific Salesmanship
1010 McClurg Bldg.
CHICAGO

CHARACTER HEALTH
EDUCATION

MARLIN

The Man Who Knows

Uses a **Marlin** Repeating Shotgun because it gets the birds. A gun which combines **Marlin** accuracy with the original **Marlin** solid top and side ejecting features, and which handles stiff smokeless loads the way a **Marlin** does, is the gun you want.

The **Marlin** 16 gauge is a new gun and the smallest and lightest (6½ lbs.) made. It is beautifully balanced and handles very fast.

Every **Marlin** Repeating Rifle or Shotgun is worth knowing intimately. Write today for our 1904 catalogue (300 illustrations) and our Experience Book, which tells mighty interesting tales of **Marlin** prowess the world over. Free for 3 stamps postage.

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.
19 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

EASIER TO ROW ABSOLUTELY SAFE

Write today for free catalogue

15 foot boat, crated **$29.00**
No other boat so desirable for ladies and children.

Mullins Unsinkable Steel Pleasure Boats

Made of steel. Practically indestructible. Air chamber each end. Cannot sink. Cannot leak. Require no caulking. Ideal boat for family use, summer resorts, parks. Guaranteed. Will seat five persons in comfort. The modern row-boat for pleasure, safety and durability.

W. H. MULLINS, 354 Depot St., Salem, O.

WINTON

THE only American cars that have ever won high honors have been equipped with horizontal cylinder motors. This is not a mere coincidence. It is because horizontal cylinder motors develop the highest degree of efficiency. They are pre-eminently great in speed, power and durability. Cars having horizontal cylinders last for years, because the power they produce is delivered on the driving wheels and does not tear the car apart with ruinous vibration.

Add to the natural advantages of the horizontal cylinder motor the perfections of Winton construction—the air governor which makes control utterly simple, our superior transmission, the use of tested high-grade materials, powerful brakes, practically indestructible working parts and luxurious appointments—and you have abundant reasons why the Winton is the Motor Monarch.

Easiest to control. Least expensive to maintain.

$2500 f.o.b. Cleveland. Delivered promptly. Literature upon request.

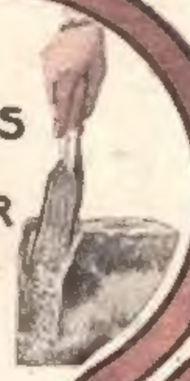
THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

New York Boston Philadelphia Chicago

WINTON AGENCIES EVERYWHERE



ice cream

in

3 minutes

At every dinner of consequence, private or public, ice cream or an ice is served. Ample assurance that a frozen dessert is the dessert best liked. The

Peerless Iceland

Freezer (one motion) freezes smooth, delicious ice cream and ices in three minutes. Made at home, sure to be pure. Easy to operate because so simply constructed. Patented stationary dasher scrapes sides of rapidly revolving can. Gives *cream* plenty of motion. No effort to turn. All gears enclosed, can't get out of order. Makes better cream in less time with less ice than any other freezer.

Ask Your Dealer

If not satisfied, money refunded

The standard for the home and for the caterer.
All sizes, from 1-pint (Toy) to the 40-quart Electric Motor Power Freezer

"Six Cooks and a Freezer"

Our new booklet (FREE). Contains many new and thoroughly practical recipes prepared exclusively for the Peerless Iceland Freezer by Mrs. Rorer, Mrs. Lincoln, Madame Blay, Mrs. Janet M. Hill, Miss Fannie M. Farmer, Mrs. Christine T. Herrick. Write for it.

DANA & CO., Dept. S, Cincinnati